

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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WHAT NEXT?—THE LATEST AND MOST ECCENTRIC FREAK OF FEMALE VANITY—IMPROVING ON NATURE BY AN ARTIFICIAL PROCESS—MANUFACTURING DIMPLES WITH THE AID OF PINCERS—THE QUEER ESTABLISHMENT RUN BY AN OLD "FAKER" IN HUMAN FOLLIES.—SEE PAGE 2.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly. Established 1848

RICHARD K. FOX, - - - Proprietor.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The deep interest manifested in all circles over the great prize fight between Joe Goss and Paddy Ryan for the

HEAVY WEIGHT

CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA,

Has induced the management of]

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, OF NEW YORK,

to place before the public authentic sketches of this notable sporting event. For this purpose a special artist will accompany the contestants to the scene of the engagement, who will prepare authentic sketches from life, the whole to appear in

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK.

Newdealers will make a note of this great feature, and govern themselves accordingly by sending in their orders.

BACK NUMBERS

always on hand, and can be obtained by sending to this office.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 William Street, New York.

Answers to Correspondents.

Photographs and Sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of each artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

C. B., Rochester, N. Y.—Will not divulge the name of any correspondent.

N. D., Yonkers, N. Y.—Would like to oblige, but press of other matter interferes.

ANON., Washington, Mo.—Could not use them without more details. Send proof.

ONIDA, Savannah, Ga.—Could not make use of sketch. Too common an occurrence to be available.

X. Y., Rochester, N. Y.—It is published some where down East. Of course it is an imitation, and you should let it alone.

G. W. K., Canton, Ia.—That scene goes ahead of us. We can't touch it, and you will appreciate the whys and wherefores.

F. W. E., Davis Island, N. Y.—Have the matter under consideration, and if we decide to take it up, will advise you by letter.

S. C. F., Cleveland, O.—Other sporting characters have prevented the publication of photo sent. May use it, if not, will return.

BILL H., Baltimore, Md.—Don't know the parties. See answer to "A. M." The GAZETTE is now looked upon as the most correct in matters of that sort.

M. M. M., Crawfordsville, Ind.—We cannot be responsible for the honesty of our advertisers. If we discover that their business is crooked we will show them up. Will investigate.

SPORT, Buffalo, N. Y.—We have anticipated your request. We shall give an authentic sketch of the fight, should it occur, a special artist of the GAZETTE accompanying the parties for that purpose.

G. E., Wichita, Kan.—You would not be of any use to us. We want a man who is permanently located. Of course, if you secure important photos on your travels you can send them on, and if used will pay for them.

C. B. S., Hawleyville, Ia.—You can send anything of importance that comes under your notice. Don't send minor local items, about whom no one cares a cent outside of your own town. Let them be of general interest.

A. M., Philadelphia.—The affair was published in the GAZETTE, No. 128. You will also find the lives and records, with portraits of Donovan and Rooke in the same number. Back numbers can always be obtained by sending to this office, 183 William street, N. Y.

A BAD SYSTEM.

The influence of the press upon matters of public weal and individual interests is the greatest power which enters into the affairs of life. It is a power that is susceptible of accomplishing the noblest or basest ends, and this fact renders it of the greatest importance to humanity that those who possess it should be men of liberal, generous ideas and high notions of right and wrong. While this is the case to a great extent, there are unfortunately too many exceptions. There are men who use this power with a reckless disregard of everything save the present and its bearings on their own aims and desires. Self is the god of their idolatry, and it matters not to them how serious the consequences may be either in a private or public sense. Apart from this selfish principle of journalism is the larger sphere into which no private interests can enter, or no selfish ends be subserved—that of general news. But where self is the underlying principle, wholly, it will permeate and influence all departments, and this is wherein the real danger to society, both privately and publicly, lies. The head of any establishment will unconsciously make his ideas and principles be reflected and acted upon in his subordinates. That this is a fact, one who is at all observant of the management of any journal will readily concede. The dangers of this style of journalism has received within the past two weeks some very notable illustrations, which those who have any respect for justice will do well to consider. There was recently a Sunday riot in Paterson, N. J., in which a young man was killed. The following morning the different journals of this and other cities appeared with flaring head-lines and exaggerated reports, in which the alleged murderer was painted as little better than an untamed beast, who killed men just because it was his nature to do so. It was clearly a desire to cater to the mob which prompted this style of news to be placed before the public, and yet not one editor who allowed his journal to print it would not consider it an insult to charge him with being a panderer to the feelings of the rioters, just because they happened to be many against one. Nevertheless it was done, and everything in extenuation of Dazell's action suppressed. The result is that a prejudice has been engendered against the man that subsequent developments will not uproot, and his life is placed in jeopardy even before he has a chance to be heard before a tribunal that is supposed to be impartial and just. The twelve good men and true who never read newspapers (?) may not be influenced by such reports, but their neighbors who do will have formed opinions and ventilated them, based upon what they have read, which will no doubt have their influence on the men qualified by their ignorance for jury duty.

Since the affair has occurred many extenuating circumstances have come to light, and a calmer view of the matter places the accused man in a different position. It was the duty of the press to have judged at once all sides of the case, and presented it to the public just as it was. But this principle of journalism is ignored and the selfish principle rules. There was more money to be made by siding with the mob, and a man's life may be the cost. Van Houten was killed, it is true, and his murder, if such it was, should be avenged. There are courts to decide in this matter, and their judgment should not be biased by untrustworthy reports. The press of the country instead of pandering to the sensational spirit of the moment should be actuated by a higher and better principle—that of justice and fair play to all.

"JUST ONCE MORE."

It seems like a waste of time and printer's ink to reiterate what is a recognized and living fact, the world over. But then pride will crop up and the disposition to blow one's horn is so strong and irresistible, especially when there is something to blow about, that the million, more or less, readers of the GAZETTE will pardon us "just once more," if we call their attention to the fact that their paper is something really and truly wonderful. If we did not believe this ourselves and were not certain that there were thousands of our way of thinking, we should blush to state this fact. But when so many are in accord on one idea, we very naturally feel no delicacy in being candid and plain spoken.

The past two weeks have been red-letter ones in the history of the NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, and demonstrated most emphatically its claims as the leading pictorial paper of this or any other country. Whatever it has attempted to do has been crowned with success, the natural and legitimate outcome of indomitable pluck and well-directed enterprise. The various events which have engaged the attention of the public in different parts of the country have been illustrated and described in its columns in a manner that has compelled admiration and praise, even from those who are disposed to sneer at everything and anything, no matter how good. There is a certain standard of excellence which shames praise from chronic fault-finders, however galling it may be to them to award it, and the GAZETTE has reached this

very point. And it has done it by the most approved methods and in the rustling, blaze-away spirit of this "git-up-and-git-thar" century. It has realized that progress is the watch-word, and has spared no effort to keep well in the van.

Of course, we have our reward both in lucre and what is next best, the appreciation of all who are fortunate enough to patronize the GAZETTE. From all parts of the country come words of praise and encouragement. Satisfaction is the rule on both sides of the house, and all hands are happy. But we advise everyone who fancies that our success will make us vain and cause us to weary of well-doing to get such nonsense out of their heads as soon as possible. No, it shall only make us the more energetic and untiring. Forward is the motto and exults the ruling spirit. To our numerous friends who have sent us letters of congratulation and praise, thanks, and the assurance that the GAZETTE will still maintain its present standard. Every week will find it complete and first-class in every respect. Price 10 cents, at every enterprising newsdealer's in all parts of the world. Order early, as everyone wants a copy, and they who first come are first supplied.

BARTLETT'S BULLET

Sent Crashing Through the Body of Scott Tracewell, at Parkersburg, West Virginia.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., May 10.—A cold-blooded, premeditated murder occurred this evening on Market street this city. The murderer is Elmer Bartlett, son of John Bartlett, a coal merchant, and is about twenty years of age. The man who was fatally wounded is Scott Tracewell, son of J. P. Tracewell, of Newport, opposite this city. The following is gleaned by your reporter from the father and friends of the victim.

This afternoon Bartlett, who is a young man of bad character, induced two little girls, daughters of Mr. Tracewell, to go to Blennerhassett Island in a skiff with him. Learning of the affair Mr. Tracewell sent his son down to the island in a skiff to bring the children home. When he got to the island he found Bartlett and his sisters, and from something seen by him at the time, a quarrel ensued. Tracewell being the larger and stronger of the two, gave Bartlett a terrible beating, after which Bartlett left, saying, "Tracewell, this is your last day on earth." Tracewell took his sisters into the skiff and set about on his return.

When near the mouth of the Kanawha, Bartlett, who had got to town ahead, rowed out into the river and drawing his pistol shot at Tracewell. The ball did not take effect and Bartlett made his escape at the time. This was about 7 o'clock.

About half past 8 o'clock Tracewell came over into town and was walking up Market street, when Bartlett ran up behind him and pulling his pistol snapped it against his back. The pistol missed fire at the first trial, when he again pulled the trigger, sending a 32 calibre bullet into Tracewell, who fell, crying, "I'm shot. I'm a dead man!"

Several gentlemen ran to Tracewell and picking him up carried him to Truman's Hotel, where two physicians were summoned. They probed for the bullet which had entered the back and passed down into or through his liver. The physicians say his case is hopeless; the bullet could not be extracted. In the great excitement which followed Bartlett made his escape, it is thought into Ohio. This cold blooded affair has created a terrible excitement throughout the city. The officers are out in all directions hunting for the murderer.

A RIVER TRAGEDY.

The Mutilated and Bloody Body of an Unknown Woman Found Floating near the Harlem Bridge.

A boatman named Sheck, employed at Harlem Bridge, saw a body floating up the river at half-past six o'clock last Tuesday evening. He rowed up to it and succeeded in dragging it out of the water, almost exactly under the bridge. Officer Tallon, of the Thirty-first precinct, was on duty at the time and saw the boatman take the body out of the river. He ran down to the wharf and assisted in getting it ashore. It was found to be that of a woman aged apparently between twenty-five and thirty, with dark hair, small features and short and stout figure. She wore a black sacque and black dress, black kid gloves, buttoned gaiters and high-heeled boots. A handkerchief was found in her pocket, but it was not marked with any name, and the woman had nothing about her by which she could be identified.

The body had been, to all appearances, about five or six days in the water. There was a frightful gash extending about two inches over the right eyebrow, a deep open wound which had all the appearances of having been caused by some blunt instrument. The face and head were covered with blood. Rumor has it that it may turn out to be the wife of a Mr. Coleman, of 180 Third avenue, who has been missing for over a week. Mr. Coleman was accordingly sent for. The body was guarded at the landing by two policemen.

Nellie Stokes.

[With Portrait.]

A full account of the tragic death of this young lady in Williamsburg was published in last week's GAZETTE. Her murderer, Kennedy, in a fit of jealousy on learning that she was married, shot her. He is now considered insane, and his actions certainly bear out that construction of his strange conduct. The deceased was a lady of good character, and gave him no cause to consider that his feelings of love were reciprocated.

WHAT NEXT?

A Queer Conceit—Improving on Nature—Dimples as Aids to Beauty—A Faker in Human Follies.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A handsome woman, elegantly dressed, entered a Broadway car in which a reporter was riding recently and immediately, but unconsciously diverted the attention of a dapper little man who sat next the reporter, and who had been staring out of countenance all the other ladies in the car. The little man, who looked like something between a hair-dresser and a middle-aged beau, drew a note-book from his pocket, and after making a slight sketch of the face of the lady who had just entered the car, said to the reporter: "Fine woman, that."

The reporter could not but agree with him. "What do you think is her special charm?" asked the little man.

The reporter thought it might be a sort of "I don't know whatness," a combination of chic and dignity, her graceful bearing, her good clothes.

"I was speaking of her face purely and simply," interrupted the little man. "Do you notice how completely her face is in repose?"

The reporter answered that he thought the lady looked as if she didn't take much interest in any of the other women in the car.

"Now, I will make her smile," continued the dapper man, and rising, he turned his back to the occupants of the car and blew his nose violently. This grotesque exhibition of politeness caused the "fine woman" to smile. The dimples chased each other over her cheeks and then slowly disappeared. The little man resumed his seat in time to catch a glimpse of the fleeting dimples. "What do you think now?" he asked.

The reporter thought that the lady was very pretty when she smiled, and that her face was as dimpled as that of a baby or a Watteau shepherdess.

"Those dimples are her particular charm," said the little man. "She is handsome without them, beautiful with them. In five years from to-day—perhaps before that—when my method becomes known, New York city will be filled with women who, having been plain, become pretty, having been pretty become handsome, having been handsome become beautiful."

"Oh, then you are a sort of a—" began the reporter. The little man handed him a card. It bore simply the words, "Professor A. Verroni, No. 12 Daffodil place." That is my name and address," said he. "By profession I am a surgeon, graduate of the School of Medicine, Paris. I am a specialist, however, like many of the eminent—I would say like many physicians and surgeons of the present time, and my specialty is to place dimples in the faces of those to whom nature has denied this charm. Now some women can get up a six-inch smile without doing anything further than put their mouths in a parenthesis, and others laugh as if they had dimples in their upper gums; but those delicate, expressive little hollows that you see in the cheeks are called up by the slightest movement of the lips of those who possess them and speak volumes—whole libraries."

The reporter suggested that he already knew all about the poetical aspects of dimples; and he would be obliged to the professor if he would tell him what a dimple was.

"Well, sir," said Professor Verroni, "a dimple—a natural dimple, that is—is simply a slight hollow between two muscles or over a muscle and the skin is more firmly attached to the subjacent tissues at this point than at other points. Hence, when the muscles contract as in the act of smiling, the skin is drawn down into the hollow, forming a dimple, that beautiful—"

"Yes," said the reporter, "but how do you make them?"

"I make a puncture in the skin at the point where the dimple is required," answered the professor, "a puncture that cannot be noticed when it has healed, and with a very delicate instrument I remove a small portion of the muscle. Then I excite a slight inflammation which attaches the skin to the subcutaneous hollow I have formed. In a few days the wound—if wound it can be called—has healed and a charming dimple is the result."

The reporter suggested that there ought to be a good deal of money in the new operation.

"There is," said the professor. "Women will be made lovely and I will be made rich."

"How many times have you performed this operation?" asked the reporter.

"Many times in France," answered the professor; "never yet in America. To-morrow I begin operating on several actresses who wish dimples on their faces, shoulders, arms and—yes, shoulders and arms."

"You speak English very well for a Frenchman, Professor," said the reporter.

"Maybe you think I ain't a Frenchman," said the professor, savagely.

"Oh, not at all," said the reporter in a non-committal way. "Here's my street, Professor. Good day."

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

Miss Lizzie Harold, of the Colville Burlesque Company, is too well known to theatre-goers to require much comment. The reputation of this troupe for beauty and talent is national, and it reflects great credit on Miss Harold that she is so conspicuous a member of it, and only goes to prove that she is what her admirers claim, talented, handsome and painstaking. There is a brightness about all that she does that wins instant recognition, and she is to be congratulated on the possession of such rare gifts and the faculty to use them rightly. With perseverance she is destined to hold a high place in her chosen field, that of burlesque.

TUMBLER FROM GRACE.

He Wouldn't Drink, Smoke, Chew, or
do Anything That Was
Bad,

THAT IS, NOT OPENLY.

But on the Quiet, Oh Heavens, He
Was Such a Real Wicked
Man.

WE'RE ALL ARRANT KNAVES.

Probably the most lamentable fall from grace that has ever been known in this state is that of Eccles Robinson, the temperance reformer, who, until a few months ago, was a moral power in the southern tier counties of New York and throughout northern Pennsylvania. He was a convert made by Francis Murphy, and he was the ablest lieutenant that temperance advocate had in the days of his greatest popularity and influence. Robinson accompanied Murphy in 1877, when the latter began his remarkable temperance work in Elmira, which resulted in almost completely crushing out the liquor traffic in southern New York. Hotels and saloons were closed by the score. Prominent liquor-dealers and hotel proprietors destroyed their stocks in many cases, renounced the traffic, and joined the Murphy army of temperance workers. Men who for years had been the most profitable patrons of bars and the most convivial of "hale fellows," abandoned their ways, signed the Murphy pledge, and, in many instances, joined the church, a majority of them being to-day prominent and most active members of various religious societies. The Murphy movement was remarkable in the fact that it affected and enlisted in it the higher and more philosophical classes of society in larger proportion than it

DREW FROM THE RANKS

of the more emotional and less prominent classes. Lawyers, editors, merchants and members of all the professions became its most ardent and substantial supporters, and for the time the churches were monopolized by the advocates of temperance. It is estimated that in the vicinity of Elmira alone more than 30,000 persons from all ranks signed the Murphy pledge. In a great degree this wonderful success in the temperance cause was due to the impassioned eloquence and hearty work of Eccles Robinson. Young, of fine presence, gifted with a voice of peculiar sweetness, naturally eloquent, and commanding a use of language marvelously fluent and apt, he was almost irresistible in his appeals on behalf of temperance. When Murphy left this field of labor he placed Robinson in charge of the southern tier. For a time Robinson lived in Elmira with his family—a wife and two or three children, all small. He kept up an unflagging interest in the work, and about a year ago removed to Binghamton, where a gospel temperance society was formed, over which he had charge. He also visited all the large towns along the Erie railway and in northern Pennsylvania, and organized large societies. He aided Murphy during the latter's "season" in New York city, and was probably as well known in the movement all over the country as was his principal. In this city the temporal wants of himself and family were extremely well provided for. He was popular with the ministers of all the congregations, and had the *entree* to the best society. He began a course of study preparatory to a theological education, with the intention of entering the ministry. In this he was warmly patronized and aided by an eminent

CLERGYMAN OF BINGHAMTON.

Early last fall a rumor, traceable to no responsible source, was in circulation that Eccles Robinson abused his wife. It found no believers among his followers, and very few among those who looked with no favor on his work. In October last, however, Mrs. Robinson went away with two of her children. Mr. Robinson said that she had gone on a visit to her friends in Philadelphia, she being a member of a highly respectable family in that city. Soon afterward, however, she appeared at the house of a citizen of Elmira. She said that she had been unable to live longer with her husband, who treated her harshly, and was guilty of unblushing acts of infidelity, not under his own roof, but indiscriminately with members of his temperance society. She also asserted that he kept brandy in his house, and habitually drank it, and always carried a bottle with him while traveling. He had also sent one of their children away, and would not inform her where it was. These startling charges reached the public, and the community was astounded. Mr. Robinson denied every charge, and said that they were made up from whole cloth by his wife, whom he had detected in a criminal intrigue with a well-known citizen of Elmira, and had told her that it would be impossible for him to live longer with her, and suggested that it would be best for her to return to her friends in order that the matter might be kept quiet. He also began proceedings against his wife for a divorce. His followers were almost unanimous in their belief of Robinson's story, but the wife stoutly maintained that what she had said was true, and indignantly denied that she had ever given her husband cause for

THE LEAST SUSPICION OF HER.

A strong feeling was engendered in the community. Robinson was in Elmira soon after the above revelations were made. He met the gentleman with whom

he charged that his wife had been criminally intimate, and assaulted him, attempting to shoot him. This increased the bitterness of the feeling. Soon afterward Mrs. Robinson went to the residence of her husband in Binghamton, at night. She was admitted, but left the house almost immediately, and reported the presence of a woman in the house with her husband. She then began counter proceedings for a divorce. Before it came to trial, Robinson learned that his wife had in her possession a private diary of his. This has been kept in Greek and Latin. Entries being translated, they proved to be the memoranda of most damning testimony against him, and compromised the names of numerous well-known and highly-respectable female members of his society. When it was learned that he was to be confronted in court by this array of facts, Robinson fled the city, and for a time it was not known where he was. Last week he suddenly reappeared in Binghamton. He was at once arrested on a charge of perjury in swearing to alleged facts in answer to his wife's complaint in the divorce proceedings. At a hearing given him the diary was produced in evidence, and the evidence of a witness as to his criminal intimacy with her while a servant in his house was taken. The recorder, however, discharged Robinson, and he has again gone away. The residence of the child he sent away last fall is still unknown to Mrs. Robinson.

USING THE ROD.

An Irate Father Beats His Daughter for
Paying Attention to a Nice Young
Man, and then Whips Her Mother and
Sister for Interfering.

STEUBENVILLE, Ohio, May 8.—An exciting scene occurred on North Fourth street last Wednesday night about nine o'clock. A young girl about sixteen years of age resides there with her parents, and being handsome and gay she has many admirers among our young men. Her father did not allow her to keep company, but she did so on the sly nevertheless. At the time her parents and married sister went down street, leaving her at home. Shortly after their departure a young man who is employed in the Panhandle railroad shops in this city, called at the house to see the girl, but had only been there a few minutes when the father returned. On finding the two in the parlor together the father flew into a passion, threatened to make short work of the young man if he did not make himself scarce, and not caring to receive a pounding, the caller did not stand on the order of his going, but went at once in double-quick time. The latter then went to his stable and procuring a heavy horsewhip returned to the house for the purpose of whipping the girl, but in the meantime the mother and married sister had come home, and when he commenced to lash the girl the former interfered. He then turned his attention to her and cut her in a very brutal manner over the back, the face and the hands, each stroke making a large welt and drawing blood. Next the married daughter attempted to shield her mother and she also received a severe flagellation, the father following her out into the street, where she ran to escape him, and whipping her there in presence of a number of spectators. The affair created considerable comment here, and the man was the subject of many indignant remarks, but he is likely to suffer for his action, for his wife and daughter, by the death of a relative, inherited some eighteen or twenty thousand dollars a short time since, and he has been having a good time spending it ever since, but the wife now declares she will live with him no longer, and in a few days intends going to Wheeling to live with her married daughter, who resides there, and was only in this city on a visit when her father whipped her so. If the wife does leave him, the man will be left out in the cold so far as the money is concerned, and can hereafter scratch around and get his own bread and butter.

IN TROUBLE.

A Girl Who Forced a Man to Marry
Her.

Miss Jennie E. Woddell, of North Foster, R. I., a prepossessing young woman of some twenty summers, called on a lawyer in Norwich, Ct., last week, and stated to him that she was soon to become a mother, and blamed one A. Frank Carpenter, a native of Putnam, Conn., about twenty-five years of age, who was then employed by the Norwich and Worcester railroad here. She said that her intimacy with Carpenter was had in North Foster, and that no one, not even her mother, knew of it, and her parents, while she was in this city, supposed her visiting in Providence. Her errand was to endeavor to induce Carpenter to marry and go home with her. Deputy Bachelder arrested the young man and he was confronted with the girl before Justice H. H. Burnham. He indignantly refused to marry her, and being unable to secure bail—\$300—was locked up to await the setting of the Court of Common Pleas which comes in here next August. On Thursday, however, Miss Woddell, having conferred again with her counsel, offered to settle the matter with young Carpenter if he would simply marry her. She would advance no claim upon him, but wished to be able to show her parents on her return a certificate of marriage, and thus save the family name from disrepute. After being informed of this, and with the dreary term of confinement before him, which must elapse before he could have a trial, Carpenter concluded to accept the proposition, and late in the afternoon the twain were made one flesh in Justice Burnham's office, in the presence of several lawyers and the Deputy Sheriff. Mrs. Carpenter, after the ceremony was completed, seemed to be relieved of a load of trouble, and signified her intention of immediately returning to her home, whither she went on the following morning. Carpenter has thrown up his situation and left for parts unknown.

HUNG FOR BURGLARY.

A State That Makes Midnight Raids a
Serious Matter—Gone Where Thieves
Do Not Break in and Steal, and
Where Everything is Lovely.

Henry Horne, colored, was hung at Charlotte, N. C., on the 7th inst., for the crime of burglary. The circumstances which led to his arrest and execution are these:

For three months previous to the capture of Horne burglary after burglary was committed in this city and vicinity. Police officers were at first led to believe that a regularly organized band of robbers existed in the community, but the nature of the robberies subsequently led to an abandonment of this theory, for it was observed that these operations were utterly without any system. The express offices and depots were closely watched in the hopes of discovering some of the plunder, but no clue was ever found. Before the story of one bold robbery had ceased to be discussed another would be announced in a new quarter. Officers in contiguous towns were in daily communication with each other, but their efforts were fruitless, and people began to feel that nothing they had was safe, for the thieves seemed utterly without fear, entering at will bedchambers and sleeping apartments and taking the very clothes that the occupants had laid aside for the night. Rewards of from \$50 to \$200 were offered, but the keenest of detectives could never claim a cent. Finally the mystery was solved, almost in a night. Colonel R. M. Oates, a wealthy citizen of this place, was awakened during the night of the 25th of February by the crying of one of his children in an adjoining room, and before he and his wife had

SUNK TO SLEEP

again they were attracted by a noise as if made by some one tramping about on the tin roof near their bedroom. Colonel Oates finally concluded to investigate the noise and stepped out into the yard for the purpose of getting a view of the top of the porch. At the moment he reached the point from which the view of the roof could be obtained, a man leaped from the roof to a tree near by, and sliding rapidly down, thus attempted to escape by the front gate. Colonel Oates started in close pursuit and the robber, in attempting to force open the gate, fell back in the very arms of the pursuer, who collared him and managed to get him to the ground.

FIGHTING FOR LIFE.

A fierce struggle followed. Colonel Oates is a powerful man, being over six feet three inches and weighing 230 pounds, and managed to hold his antagonist down until the arrival of a policeman, who was attracted by his cries for help. When the light was thrown upon his antagonist he was found to be a ginger-colored negro, about five feet nine inches high and very powerfully built. It was also ascertained at the moment that his arm had been broken, whether in the scuffle or when he ran against the gate could not be ascertained, for he had from first to last declined to speak on the subject. He was very sullen, and refused to allow a physician to attend to his broken limb, carrying it bravely by his side without displaying the slightest evidence of suffering. The prisoner, who turned out to be Horne, had upon his person

SEVERAL ARTICLES STOLEN

the same night from Mr. D. H. Byerly, of Charlotte, and other property from the same source was found concealed near the place of Horne's capture. He was tried for "entering the sleeping room" of Mr. Byerly, "with intent to steal," which in this State constitutes the crime of burglary, and readily convicted. He subsequently confessed his guilt and made full statements concerning other robberies in which, with singular boldness, he preyed upon sleeping citizens, carrying off valuable jewelry, clothing and other articles, which were recovered in the hiding places indicated by the culprit and restored to their owners. Large crowds of colored people attended the trial, but the accused received little sympathy and seemed to desire none, expressing nothing and hoping nothing, always bearing himself with the careless dignity of one who, while acknowledging defeat, was sustained by the recollection of past success and the consciousness of a personal courage to meet the worst. Horne's prison life has been marked by a devotion to religion, which he at once began to cultivate with all the zeal which is characteristic of his race in matters of this kind. He willingly received all visitors and invariably turned the conversation from the direction of his crime to the subject of his soul's salvation, talking somewhat incoherently of the death of the Saviour and endeavoring to draw a parallel between that and his own.

THE WIDOW BEATEN.

Failing to Get a Whack Out of Simon's
Pile—Her Wounded Feelings not Worth
a Cent.

The case of Widow (Mary S.) Oliver against ex-Secretary Simon Cameron, action for breach of promise of marriage and seduction, was decided in favor of the defendant in the district court, Washington, the amount claimed being \$50,000. During the trial there were eighteen exceptions taken by plaintiff from rulings of Chief Justice Carter, and the case was argued before Judges Wylie, Hagner and Cox, a few days ago. An opinion was delivered by Judge Hagner, on May 5. The principal exception was an admission of the testimony of A. G. Riddle, to whom plaintiff had made certain statements, as was claimed, in his capacity as attorney, and which plaintiff claimed were confidential communications and should have been ruled out.

The judge refers at some length to the testimony of Mr. Riddle, the purport of which was that the widow came to him as a friend and adviser, and what she told him she desired should be communicated to Mr. Cameron, and that he from time to time wrote letters to Mr. Cameron, received money from him and paid it to her, and that this fact was known to both parties, and no secrecy existed as to this fact. He refers also to plaintiff in her evidence not intimating that she consulted Mr. Riddle as an attorney, and indeed in fact it does not appear from the whole testimony in the case that he was her attorney, excepting from an intimation from Mr. Riddle on the witness stand. The court also refers to the fact that she failed to make an objection at the time, and it must be regarded as a waiver of her rights in this respect. Since it was well settled that an attorney may be examined as to his relations with parties, it is not difficult to see that he may be sworn to disprove his employment as such. There was no error in the ruling of the court below on this point. The court refers to the absence of evidence as to the other seventeen points, and dismisses them, and orders the judgment below to be affirmed.

MAN'S HEARTLESSNESS, WOMAN'S PERFDY.

Two Families Wrecked by Their Wicked
and Lecherous Heads—An Elopement
That Will be Followed by a Curse.

The little village of Springersville, otherwise Lyons Station, O., on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Indianapolis railroad, now comes to the front with a case of domestic misery, which, although involving as parties those in the humbler walks of life, only presents all the darkest phases of man's heartlessness, woman's perfidy and their natural consequence, suffering innocence.

Six years ago, and for years prior to that time, among the families of the place was that of John B. Click, a highly respected old citizen and a worthy member of that meek and non-resisting Christian Brotherhood the Dunkards, and that of a younger man named Benjamin Green. The family of the former consisted of his wife, Sarah, a woman much younger than her husband, and three little children, while Green had a wife and five little ones. One day about the time mentioned, Click took his children and suddenly left the country, leaving their mother, and telling his inquiring and astonished neighbors, as he started, that his wife's criminal intimacy with Green, which he had suspected for months, and which had at last been abundantly proved to him, had driven him to the step he was taking, and that he was going far away among strangers to hide, if possible, his sorrow and his children's shame.

After the old man's departure Green was seen in and about the Click homestead about as often as his own, and when Mrs. Click proceeded to sell out and dispose of the small amount of property left by her husband, Green assisted her with a care that would have been beautiful if it had been a little more disinterested. But the culmination finally came. A few mornings since Mrs. Green and her children arose to find that the man they had been calling husband and father had collected all the money within his reach, in all about \$400, the most of it being pension money he had recently drawn, and had finally abandoned them. From the best information that could be obtained, and from the fact that the Click cottage has been without an inmate since that morning, he had eloped with his partner in guilt on the night train west, in time to escape the rising wrath of the outraged citizens, and leaving his family helpless and entirely destitute.

Mrs. Green remained in Springersville until last Thursday, when, by the kindness of her neighbors, she was provided with means necessary to take her children to Cambridge City. The last innocent sharers in the wrong have thus turned their faces from the scene, and the two houses in Springersville are now pointed out by the inhabitants as special objects of interest, standing tenantless.

THE FLYING TRAPEZE.

An Amusement at Which Death Always
Assists, and Occasionally Plays a
Part.

[Subject of Illustration.]

It is safe to assume that nine persons out of ten who patronize the circus and theatre object to the trapeze as an amusement. It is always attended with great danger, and in spite of the various precautions to ensure safety, accidents occur which in the majority of cases prove fatal. The recent fall of Lottie Davene in Philadelphia, witnessed by over 8,000 people, has evoked a general protest from the press against the amusement, and it is to be hoped that this protest will lead to its abolition altogether. It is brutal and uninteresting, and would never be missed save by the few who take pleasure in anything which places life in jeopardy. If managers of various entertainments will not do away with the trapeze, then laws should be enacted which will make it a penal offense. Our artist has graphically portrayed the amusement as it really is, and every reader will recognize at once the justice of his conception, and join with the GAZETTE in the wish that the trapeze performance will soon become a thing of the past, as unworthy of the present enlightened age.

Mrs. Wright.

[With Portrait.]

An account of the suicide of Captain Edward Wright has already been published in the POLICE GAZETTE. The deceased was an inventor of some prominence, and about two years ago married a divorced woman. She was strikingly beautiful. Owing to her alleged indiscretions the marriage was very unhappy, and it is thought that domestic difficulties between them led to his untimely taking off. A portrait of Mrs. Wright is given in this issue.

MARRIAGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Teaching Pa a Trick Worth Two of His—Bracing Up a Couple For the Matrimonial Noose—Interruptions and "Heave Oh."

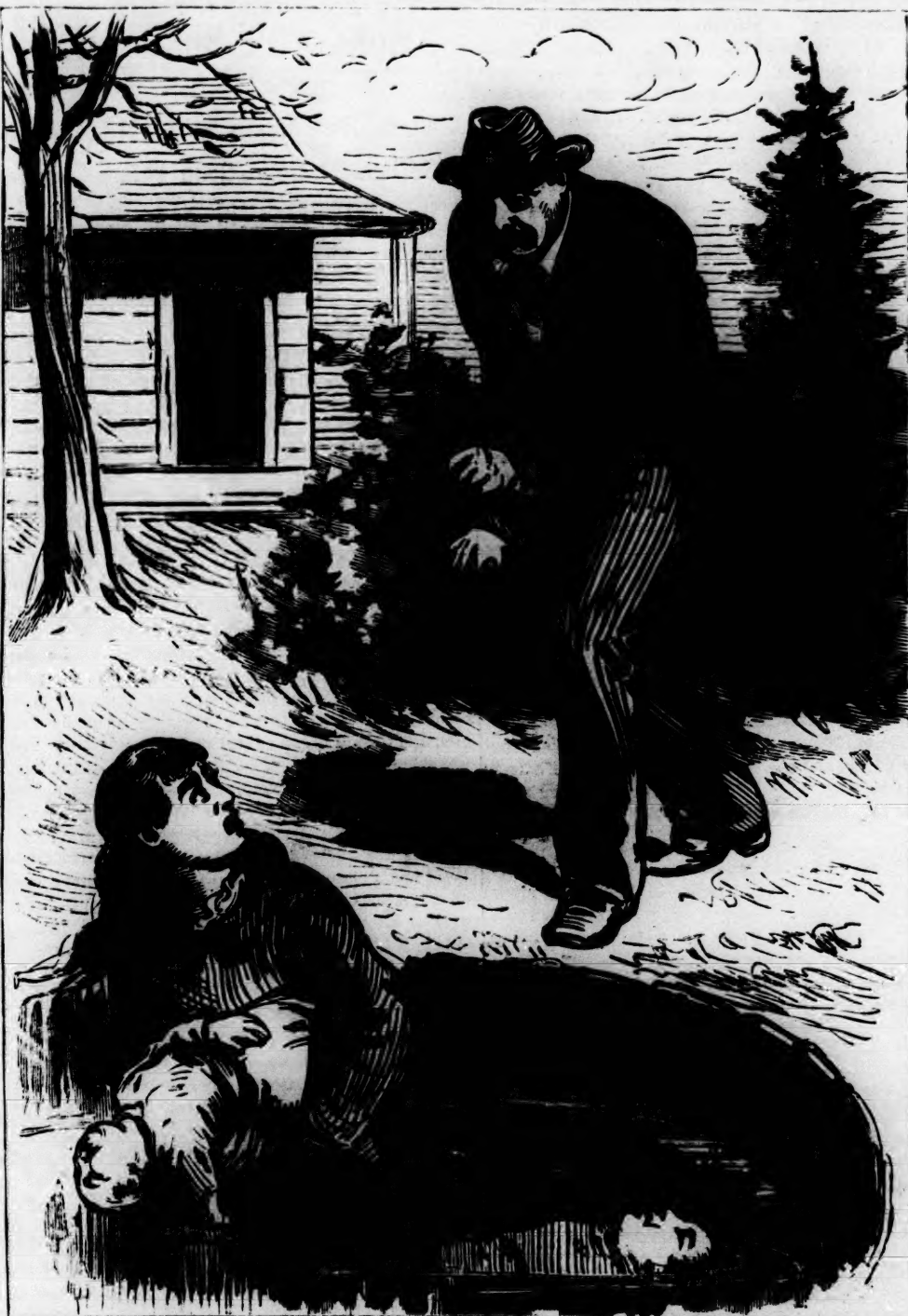
[Subject of Illustration.]

A marriage under difficulties occurred on board the steamer Constantine on her last trip from San Francisco to southern coast ports. The young and beautiful daughter of a Spanish rancher, residing near the city of San Francisco, having eloped with one of her father's vaqueros, took passage with her lover on that vessel for San Buena Ventura, and, fearful of being followed, or intercepted at some of the way ports, they determined to have the marriage ceremony performed on board the vessel on the high seas. The recent heavy storms had made the ocean anything but "pacific," and as the gallant ship steamed out through the Golden Gate, she began to dip and bow to the heavy swells rolling in over the bar in a manner not altogether reassuring to many of the passengers. But, as she headed boldly out past Point Lobos and encountered the full force of the heavy seas running outside, most of the voyagers became victims of *mal de mer* and hastily sought their berths. Not so, however, with the plucky little señorita and her dashing lover. Although both deathly sick from the rolling and pitching of the ship they sat in the cabin gazing lovingly at each other and trying to talk sweet nothings. But their conversation was not a success at this time, for they both frequently interrupted it very suddenly by occasionally applying their handkerchiefs to their mouths, and rushing frantically out to the side of the ship, where they apparently held deep "communion with the spirits of the deep."

After the ship had made the required distance (i. e. three miles from land) they made known their intentions and desires to the captain, who, together with the genial and fun-loving steward, Billy Quast, succeeded in inducing a priest, who happened to be on board, to leave his bunk long enough to unite the persevering couple.

The solemnization of this impressive ceremony was rendered somewhat ludicrous by the circumstances and surroundings. The principals not having yet acquired their "sea legs," were, on account of the violent motion of the ship, unable to stand up without assistance. Accordingly the gallant skipper, bracing himself firmly, passed one of his arms gently around the slender waist of the beautiful little bride, and, raising her to a perpendicular position, held her so until the ceremony was completed. The kind-hearted steward, with a broad smile on his handsome, good-natured face, performed a similar office for the temporarily dilapidated groom, while a couple of tars struggled bravely to keep the ponderous form of the reverend father from rolling into the lee scuppers.

Everything being in readiness, and brevity an actual necessity, his reverence said, addressing the groom:



A MOTHER'S TERRIBLE CRIME.—"DEAR GEORGE: YOU WILL FIND THE CHILDREN IN THE CISTERN,"—AND SHE WAS AS GOOD AS HER WORD. MRS. WOODRUFF IN A FIT OF MADNESS DROWNS HER TWO CHILDREN, AND IS DISCOVERED BY HER HUSBAND; PENN YAN, N. Y.

"Wilt thou have this (excuse me—yewrup, yewrup, oh, dear) this woman for thy wedded (yewrup, ugh, oh, dear) wife?"

At this point both bride and groom, signified a frantic desire to look over the side of the ship again. After indulging in this insane freak for a few minutes they regained their former positions, and with only one or two more interruptions, and amid the smiles and grins of the sailors and one or two sea-seasoned passengers, the ceremony was concluded.

The happy pair were then conducted to a bridal stateroom, from which they did not emerge till two days afterward, when the steamer reached her destination.

A SAILOR'S ESCAPEDE.

Attempting to Rape the Postmistress—A Dastardly Assault, and a Lively Escape.

Much excitement and indignation exists in the neighborhood of Carter's Landing, Richmond county, Virginia, over an attempt which was made by Frank Howard to outrage a young lady employed as postmistress at the Landing. M. A. Carter has charge of the postoffice. He has for his assistant a very respectable lady about twenty years old. A few nights since, about 8:30 o'clock, when the mail-boat Matilda stopped at the Landing to deliver the mail, it was met by a young lady. She was given the mail-bag, and, it not being very full, she started out to take it to Mr. Carter's house, a mile and a half away. On her way she had to pass through a wood. The night was well advanced, and as she was proceeding she was assaulted by a man and thrown to the ground. She struggled vigorously, and her loud cries for help frightened her assailant so that he released her and took to flight, having failed to accomplish his purpose. During the attack, however, the young woman recognized the man as Frank Howard, mate of the schooner Clara, which had been lying at the Landing for several days. The Clara belongs to Frederick Long, of this city, and had been sent to Virginia, in charge of Captain George Finley, to take a cargo of timber. As soon as Howard made his escape the young woman returned to Mr. Carter's and told him what had taken place. The constable made search for the man, and at length found that he had put out in the Rappahannock, where he defied arrest, saying he could only be taken by a United States marshal. Mr. Carter believed this, and, failing to take the law in his own hands, Howard left the Clara, and is supposed to have gone to Fredericksburg, Md. The young woman was severely bruised and prostrated.

A Terrible Crime.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A terrible tragedy occurred at Penn Yan, May 5th. Mrs. George Woodruff, during the temporary absence of her husband from home, about 6 o'clock, took her two sleeping children, one aged six and the other



LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS, FIERCE PAPAS, BULLDOGS, COPPER-TOED BOOTS, ETC., ETC.—A DETERMINED COUPLE TAKE PASSAGE ON BOARD AN OUT-GOING STEAMER FOR THE PURPOSE OF WEDLOCK, AND ARE MARRIED ON THE DECK, THE SAILORS ACTING AS BEST MEN BY BRACING PARSON, BRIDE AND GROOM UP TO THE ORDEAL; NEAR SAN FRANCISCO.

one year, and, going to the cistern, drowned both of them. Her husband soon returned and, hunting for them, found them in the cistern. The mother was standing up with the infant in her arms, it being dead. The other was in the water, which was about the woman's waist. All three were immediately taken out, but efforts to resuscitate the children were useless. Before finding them Mr. Woodruff discovered a note addressed to him lying on the table, which said: "Dear George: You will find the children in the cistern, and before you see me I shall be in eternity. I cannot live another day in such agony." She had previously informed her husband that on one or two occasions she had made up her mind to kill the children and herself, but could not bring herself to do it. Mrs. Woodruff was probably insane, owing to the inability to pay their debts, they being in poor circumstances.

RIOTOUS COLLEGIANS.

Columbia Boys Make a Night of It—Lager Beer Saloons Raided, Windows Broken and Cain Raised Generally.

[Subject of Illustration.]

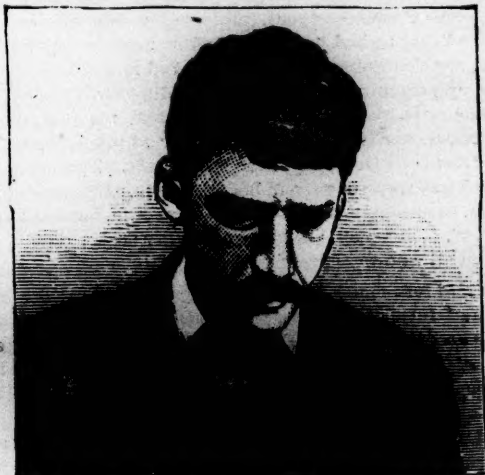
The compressed spirit of devilry common to college boys was given vent to a few nights since by the students of Columbia College, on the occasion of the Hahnemann Hospital Fair. Among the articles which the managers had on hand to entice the nickels and greenbacks from the pockets of those in attendance was a boat, which was to be awarded to either Yale or Harvard Colleges, the prize depending on the majority of votes cast, each vote, of course, representing so much lucre. The contest was very spirited and close. Yale was declared the winner, whereupon the Columbia



NOT APPRECIATED—A TENDER-HEARTED FEMALE INTERFERES WITH A BUTCHER WHO IS LEADING A COW THROUGH THE STREETS, AND GETS TOSSED IN THE AIR BY THE UNAPPRECIATIVE BOVINE; WILMINGTON, DEL.



INSPECTOR BYRNES, FORMERLY CAPTAIN OF THE 15TH PRECINCT, CAPTURED OF THE MANHATTAN BANK ROBBERS.



PETER ELLIS, ALIAS "BIG PETE," IMPLICATED IN THE MANHATTAN BANK ROBBERY.



ABE OAKLEY, BURLAR, PAL OF PETE ELLIS, AND ONE OF THE MANHATTAN BANK ROBBERS.



HON. GEORGE BROWN, EX-PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA, RECENTLY SHOT IN HIS OFFICE BY GEORGE BENNETT.

boys, claiming crooked business, took umbrage at the decision, and proceeded to get satisfaction by acting like a set of loafers. Windows were smashed, ladies jostled, and general cussedness raised. After kicking up a turmoil at the fair, the riotous students left the building and started forth for a continuation of what they considered their "racket." The friends of Yale were equally demonstrative and determined to see the Columbias one better on a row. An iron bridge spans the railroad track at Fiftyth street and Fourth avenue. This bridge was made the rallying point for the students, and a bloody pitched battle was here waged between the rival factions, the contest continuing until one party was driven from the bridge, the conquerors taking possession with a wild cheer of "C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a!" which made night hideous with its clamorous repetition. Not content with this form of pastime, a wild dash was made for a neighboring lager beer saloon. Their progress was barred at the entrance. Then followed the crash of broken glass, accompanied by heavy kicks on a resounding door, and it was this which struck consternation into the hearts of the patients in the Women's Hospital, who were appre-



ON A BENDER—THE STUDENTS OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE INDULGE IN A PERIODICAL OUTBURST OF ROWDYISM AND MAKE A NIGHT OF IT—CONTINUING THE RACKET ON THE MORROW THEY ASSAULT A PHOTOGRAPHER WHO WAS TAKING THE PICTURES OF THE FACULTY IN FRONT OF THE COLLEGE WITH CLUMPS OF GRASS; NEW YORK CITY.

hensive that the noise was occasioned by firemen breaking into a house to save the inmates from perishing in the flames. The conduct of the students was so riotous that the policemen on post in the vicinity assembled in force, but nothing short of using their clubs could subdue the excitement. This they humanely refrained from doing, and taking advantage of this official forbearance the mob of reckless youths continued their street encounters up to a late hour.

After filling themselves up with beer they retired to their quarters for the night. The following day they gathered at the college, still animated by the riotous spirit of the night before. A group of learned and venerable professors were seated on the portico, while a photographer was arranging to take their pictures. Directly opposite in the grounds a crowd of young men were congregated. Whenever the photographer would adjust the cloth of the apparatus over his head and signal with outstretched hand for the venerable professors to maintain a dignified pose, the youths would send a shower of pebbles and tufts of grass flying in the faces of the tormented professors, and then would scamper into the college, their places being soon taken by another group of students who would repeat the programme.

Captain Berghold, in whose precinct the rioting occurred, on being interviewed on the matter, said: "I have never seen a lot of corner loafers act so disreputably. It was impossible to restrain them. Several were intoxicated. Their language was profane and vulgar. I supposed that college boys were educated to behave like gentlemen, but my experience with these young men has convinced me that they are not carefully trained in the habits which distinguish well bred people. Rough? Never saw anything like it. They were riotous in the extreme. They went so far

that I was sorely tempted to use violence to suppress their unmanly and disorderly conduct. They were so numerous, however, that there was no restraining them. They took entire possession of the Armory, and respected neither women nor police. A number of them had been drinking heavily, and this, I suppose, accounts for their very vile behavior."

The college faculty will investigate the conduct of the boys at the fair, and if the guilty parties are found out they will be expelled.

It is not known how far Yale was responsible for the rumpus; but it is believed that the Columbia boys were the aggressors.

Not Appreciated.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"Give me that rope, you nasty man. Poor cow! poor cow!" exclaimed a young lady as she ran out of her house on Fourth street, Wilmington, to reprimand a butcher for whaling a fractious cow. The lady was of the S. P. C. A. kind, and meant to pet the cow for the cruelty inflicted by the base man, but an instant after snatching the rope the interloper was tossed by the cow high into the air, much to the immediate amusement of the wondering small boy and the subsequent delectation of the city.

WASHINGTON POINTS.

The Ups and Downs in the Life of
a Gay Young Girl of Easy
Virtue.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

Madame Russell's Little Blunder and
the Painful Contretemps That
Followed.

BLUFFED ON THE AVENUE.

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 12.—The green-eyed monster has been playing sad havoc in a prominent Washington family, all of which was produced by the machinations of a pretty, accomplished, but very wicked blonde, who sail through this mundane sphere under the cognomen of Edith Martinay. Edith's career has indeed been a checkered one. About seven years ago she was playing in a variety theatre in your city, and being quite a pretty girl attracted notice, and finally won the affections of a prominent army officer, who brought her to this city, and made arrangements to give her a fine education. In due time she was entered at a fashionable boarding-school in Georgetown, where she soon excelled in drawing, French and music. Knowing ones declare that during the years 1878 and 1879 her benefactor, the aforesaid army officer, was in the habit of meeting her once a week at a very private assignation house in south Washington, kept by a Mrs. Camp, whose auriferous appendages, by the way, are immense.

Mrs. Camp soon concluded that there were "millions" in Edith, and with little difficulty persuaded her to leave school and enter upon a life of pleasure at her establishment, promising to introduce her to a number of gay and generous Congressmen. As soon as Edith left school, the matrons in charge became very uneasy, and invoked the aid of the Washington detectives to hunt her up, but without avail, and since last November she has been successfully hid away in the Camp abode.

Among Edith's gentlemen acquaintances was a contractor by the name of Clarkson, who not caring to divide with the Congressmen, determined to place his innamorata at a private boarding-house near the corner of G and Thirteenth streets, n. w.

About a week after she had taken up her domicile at that house, Edith surprised the lady boarders by coming down to breakfast one morning in an intoxicated condition. The lady of the house at once went to Mr. Clarkson's residence and told him that he must find another place for his ward to stop at. Now Mrs. Clarkson happened to be near and overheard the conversation, and two hours later, armed with a good-sized cane, she went to Edith's abode, and forcing herself into her room, proceeded to administer a severe chastisement upon her. The policemen in the vicinity were attracted by cries of "murder" from Edith, and rushed into the house, succeeded in stopping the infuriated Mrs. Clarkson, and were about to march both the assailant and her victim off to the station house, when Mrs. Clarkson gave her name, which saved her from arrest. It appears that her husband is on intimate terms with the Chief of Police, and thus she escaped arrest. During the day there was a running to and fro by all the detectives, and the matter was "hushed up" and kept out of the local press. That night Edith was bundled up and hurried off to Baltimore, where she still enjoys the visits of her amorous contractor.

Madame Russell, who keeps a low assignation house near the corner of New York Avenue and 18th street, quite near the Rawlin's statue, committed a blunder the other night which Talleyrand would have pronounced worse than a crime. She had long been importuned by a Washington libertine to introduce him to a handsome married woman. On the appointed night the libertine was ushered into a dimly lighted chamber, where, to his great surprise, sat his wife thickly veiled. A scream or two, with the usual hysterics ensued, and the twain left, each vowing that they will introduce divorce proceedings.

The libertine is an ex-police officer, who was mixed up in the attempt, in 1876, to inveigle Congressman Whitthorne, of Tennessee, into an assignation house, where he was to have been arrested, and thus prevented from pursuing his investigation of Secretary Robeson. Senator Ben Hill is still being watched by the detectives. He has a penchant for speaking to girls on the streets. The other afternoon he spoke to a girl, telling her he was Senator Hill. "You are a fool if you are a Senator, or you would not be thus speaking to people you never saw before," was the response of the plucky pedestrienne, as Hill shambled off to muse over his failure.

BUCHOLZ'S LIFE SAVED.

A Verdict of Murder in the Second Degree—Motion Entered For a New Trial.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., May 7.—After being out for forty-seven hours, the jury in the third trial of Wm. Bucholz for the murder of J. H. Schulte, returned a verdict of murder in the second degree this afternoon. The jury in the first trial were in session about a day and gave a verdict of murder in the first degree, on

which Bucholz was sentenced to be hanged. The second jury disagreed, after being out for seventy-nine hours, one of the longest sessions ever held by a criminal jury in this state. They could have agreed upon a second degree verdict at almost any time but for one member, who insisted upon acquittal. It was expected that the present jury would also disagree, an impression that grew stronger when they failed to reach a verdict after being out all night. They were treated with more than the usual consideration which long deliberating jurymen receive, being marched regularly to a restaurant for their meals, and

GIVEN THE FREEDOM

of the court room at night, besides the use of all the spare robes and blankets a neighboring livery stable could furnish. Ten of the twelve jurymen are farmers, and two or three of them look like men of unusual firmness.

When they reported, at 6 o'clock this morning, that they had not yet settled upon a verdict, Judge Beardsley strongly impressed upon them the importance of doing so, reminding them of the expense of money and time attendant upon the three trials, and telling them that they were as well qualified to reach a verdict as any future jury would be. The jury again reported at 3 o'clock, with no verdict. The court inquired about the prospects for one.

"Well," replied the foreman, with a frankness that provoked a general smile, "they would be better if one or two of them would change their views. We haven't made much progress for the last few hours, but I guess we had better try it again for a few minutes, anyway."

They were once more sent out, and in fifteen minutes returned with a

VERDICT OF MURDER

in the second degree. Bucholz flushed in the face and flinched a little while the foreman was giving his verdict, but maintained his self-possession until his counsel spoke to him kindly and encouragingly a few minutes later. This brought on a prolonged fit of weeping. The compassionate references made to him by his counsel in their arguments affected him in the same way.

Sentence was not pronounced, but under the law it can only be imprisonment for life. His counsel at once made a motion in error and a motion for a new trial, which are to be heard a week from Monday.

The members of the jury refused to inform the reporters about the ballots, saying that they had pledged themselves to secrecy for twenty-four hours. It was learned, however, from other persons with whom they were more communicative, that on the first ballot three voted for acquittal, three for first degree, and six for second degree. It is thought improbable that Bucholz will get a new trial.

LITTLE, BUT OH, HEAVENS!

A Place That is All Torn Up, So to
Speak, With Wickedness—Scandal by
the Peck.

CHILLICOTHE, Ohio, May 8.—For almost a year Bainbridge, a lively little borough of this county, has been periodically torn up by a scandal implicating some of its prominent citizens, male and female, which, it is believed, has culminated in the indictment of one of the parties for an abortion performed upon one or more handsome young married women of that place. The grand jury concluded its labors to-day, and the indictments are not yet made public, but from the statements of witnesses, and from the fact that court officers refuse to answer to questions upon the subject, there is but little if any doubt that a true bill has been found, and a once popular and well-known minister of the Methodist Episcopal church will soon feel the meshes of the law tightening

UPON HIS PERSON.

The person referred to is Rev. Dr. W. F. Hughey, for a long time connected with the Ohio M. E. Conference as one of its most effective preachers, and bearing a reputation that has never been assailed except in this case. In addition to his ministerial capacity, Dr. Hughey mixed a practice of the medical profession, and probably finding the latter more profitable, or his ambition for advancement not being satisfied, he abandoned the ministry and took up the profession of medicine—still, however, occupying adjoining pulpits as his services appeared to be in demand.

Among the doctor's patients were the family of F. H. Dunn, a prominent druggist with a handsome young wife. The story goes that Mrs. Dunn found herself in an interesting condition, and applied for relief to Dr. Hughey, her family physician. Her husband was kept in the dark about the matter until Dr. Hughey's clandestine visits were noticed, and the tongue of scandal commenced to wag until the reports came to the husband's ears, and, figuratively speaking, he arose on that member and pushed an investigation, the net results of which, as reported, were that Dr. Hughey had performed an abortion by means of instruments upon Mrs. Dunn, in an out-house; that her sister-in-law, being of an investigating turn of mind, had watched the operation through a

CONVENIENT CRACK,

and a Mrs. Mary Clark, of Bainbridge, had nursed Mrs. Dunn during the consequent illness. Mr. Dunn was hostile when he learned of the doctor's peculiar practice in his family, and off and on the matter has been the topic in Bainbridge since the discovery, and a hostile meeting between the druggist and his family physician has been looked for.

Reports of another case of a similar nature are circulated against Dr. Hughey and another married woman of the same place. All the parties mentioned above as having knowledge of Dr. Hughey's alleged crimes were before the grand jury during its session. The matter was evidently undergoing investigation, and there is scarcely a doubt, as stated above, but a true bill was found, at least in the Dunn case.

THE GAZETTE MUSEUM.

A Collection of Curious Facts, Fancies
and Figures, Specially Prepared for
Inquisitive Readers.

JAMES SMITH hugged and kissed a girl against her will in a Galveston street, and she had him arrested. He was fined \$15, which he paid, and went home congratulating himself that he had got out of the scrape so easily. But he was mistaken. His wife met him at the door with a rolling-pin, knocked him down, and pounded him until he was insensible.

BERRY SCOGGINS had committed a murder at Thomasville, Ga., and was a fugitive in the mountains. At every meal time he boldly entered somebody's house, demanded a place at the table with the family, and ate with a cooked gun lying across his lap. A sheriff and a large party at length went out to hunt him down. He took a position at the top of a hill and fired on them; but he had only a shotgun, and they could keep out of range, while still within rifle distance. Their best marksman was deputed to shoot him, and four bullets were lodged in him, causing his death.

HERE is a singular circumstance: George Meekish caught a white crane last week at Hickory Grove, and on his bill there was a young turtle firmly fastened. The bird was a huge specimen, measuring seven feet from tip to tip, and it was nearly starved to death. While stalking around on the prairie it had stuck its bill completely through a small turtle, but could not get the turtle off again, and in this condition had remained for days—until the turtle had become thoroughly dry and itself nearly starved. The turtle prevented the bird from opening its mouth at all—hence it could eat nothing. When discovered it was fed, but the fast was of too long duration and it died within two days.

SOME towels belonging to the Hudson river steamer Drew were accidentally found in the possession of a respectable-looking man at Albany, N. Y., recently, and he was arrested. While in prison he wrote a letter to the steamboat agent, imploring mercy on the ground that he had been a Methodist minister in the Vermont Conference, but ill-health had forced him to give up preaching; that he was traveling on borrowed money to his home at Burlington, and his taking the towels was from a feeling of anger at some impolite treatment from one of the boat hands. The complaint was withdrawn, and before leaving the courtroom, the unfortunate man, who gave the name of Rev. W. L. Johnson, knelt down and invoked a blessing on all who were present.

In 1853 four South Carolina clergymen, who were old and intimate friends, sent their four sons to the same boarding-school. From boarding-school at the end of four years they were transferred to college. Through school and college they were roommates and classmates, and stood in order of first, second, third and fourth at the top of the roll. They graduated together in the same order of merit, entered the same law office and studied under the same chancellor. At the beginning of the war they joined the same company and regiment of the Confederate army. They marched, messed, and fought together. At the second battle of Manassas a Northern shell burst in the ranks of their company. It killed these four companions, but touched no one else. They were buried on the battlefield, in the same grave.

THE night police of Raleigh, N. C., have a queer companion on their rounds, it being a cat. Its peculiarities are thus described by the *Observer*: "For two years the cat has made it her duty to go with the officers every night and follow right at their heels just as far as they go. In wet weather or dry, or no matter how cold the night is, the animal makes a part of the police force. During the day she sleeps in the guard-house, but as soon as 7 o'clock comes, and the night force go on duty, she is all alertness and attention. If, in making the rounds, a dog makes a sally from a yard, or barks loudly, the prudent cat goes around the square and catches up with her companions again. She is a very sedate beast, never indulges in capers or wallings to the moon, but goes about her self-imposed duties with a business-like air and precision."

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.

A Romance of the East and West—A
Young Rancher's Joke, and a Young
Lady's Faith—A Strange Meeting and
a Happy Ending.

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

In November, 1879, there appeared in an Eastern paper an advertisement stating that Herman Gunson, a farmer, living near Deadwood, D. T., was tired of leading a single life and wanted to call his own, a pretty, hardworking, healthy woman. He claimed to be one of the early miners who had "struck it rich" in the hills, and now had enough to last him, if economical, all the days of his life. It was read at this place and some inquiry was put upon foot to find out who this Gunson was. The result was not satisfactory, however, and there the matter dropped until last month, when it was again picked up with much interest. The facts are these:

Miss Mattie Dupont, living in or near Jersey City, N. J., read the advertisement, and thinking that in herself was embraced all the qualities needed to fill the bill of the hardy Black Hills rancher, dispatched an epistle, enclosed with which was a photo. In three weeks there came back to her from the so-called farmer a letter written on fancy tinted note paper, in a handsome hand, saying that he would be happy to marry such a girl and that if she would come to him he would marry her immediately. He was sorry that he could not send his picture, but as there was no artist within forty miles it was impossible to have one

taken. He was twenty-eight, called handsome, and was as "hardy as a buck."

So the correspondence began and lasted until the first of April. On that day she announced her determination of leaving Jersey City the following Monday for the far northwest to join "her" Herman. At this time, the so-called Gunson, thinking that it was too rich a joke, came into Fort Meade in the form of Robert W. Wilson and made it known to two of his friends.

He is a strapping fellow of six feet, handsome as he stated in his letter to "Mattie," and about the same age. He owns a pretty place on the Belle Fouché river, and is well-to-do for a rising young man. He said that it was only done for fun to pass away the time in the long winter months, and that was about the way they would all end. Ah, indeed, write a letter on the first of April and tell him that she was coming to him. If she was anything like the photo sent she was very pretty, and he would like to see her; but, marry her, no.

The matter dropped here for a few days and Wilson went back to his shack. There he remained until a small band of horse and cattle stealing Indians tore through the country and took all of the settlers' stock, among which was three fine horses and twenty-two head of cattle belonging to Wilson. Immediately after the raid there was organized a pursuit party numbering nineteen whites and one negro, and Wilson was among the number. They were hot upon the track of the redskins and expected to overtake them that night and surprise their camp if everything went well. Rushing along, they crossed the Deadwood and Sidney trail, intent upon the red human game ahead, when there came the report of a rifle and Wilson fell out of the saddle shot in the shoulder by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of the negro.

All was confusion for a moment, for it don't take Indian hunters long to become collected, and as soon as they found that the wound was not serious, detailed one man to stay with him until the stage came up, and left him. Now comes the most romantic part of this true story. As he lay there the pain became almost unbearable and for four hours he suffered intense agony, and just as his watchful comrade espied the Sidney stage coming over the distant bluff, he fainted. He remained in an unconscious state for several hours, and when the stage reached them he was placed gently inside with one lady and two gentlemen passengers. Seeing the wounded man, instead of fainting herself, the young lady rendered all the assistance in her power, going so far as to assist in binding up his wound. Not content with that, she remarked that it was too rough to be bouncing up and down with a bullet in you, on an empty seat, and seating herself upon the same seat, drew the wounded man's head into her lap and bathed it with water from his canteen. In that manner they rode along, and not until near Sturgis City did Wilson open his eyes, when, lo and behold, there above him bending over his face with eager eyes, was the original of the photograph sent him by the Jersey City, N. J., lady correspondent.

In spite of his shoulder, he quickly raised himself and asked her name. "It was not necessary to give her name"—this, with a pretty blush—"she must beg his pardon for letting her sympathy go so far."

"Ain't you Miss Dupont?"

"Yes. Are you Herman?"

Her arms went up to go around his neck, but she paused to await his answer, which was, "no." But he explained how he came to take the assumed name, how he thought he was fooled, and before the wide-staring eyes and open mouths of comrade and passengers, told all his story, and said as soon as he could he would marry her and be proud to have such a pretty wife. He wasn't the kind to inquire into her past life, and unless she chose to tell him he would never know.

They reached Sturgis City, where he had his shoulder properly dressed and went near by to the house of a friend, where, on the evening of the 26th of April, they were married. Both are now as happy as the day is long. It is to be hoped that so romantic a beginning will end with a long life of peace and prosperity.

They intend to settle down upon their ranch and will for years to come be a curiosity to new settlers and add one more link to the already long chain of romance in the Golden Hills.

A Philadelphia "Masher" Comes to Grief.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Just as the 6:40 p. m. train was about to move out of the Baltimore Depot, in Philadelphia, on Saturday last, a stylish young man, with the handsomest little moustache imaginable, entered the car and took his seat just behind a Chester girl, who had been in Philadelphia doing some shopping. She is a very demure little maiden, and looks as innocent as a four-year-old; but she isn't. She is up to all sorts of tricks, and takes delight in a good lark, much to the displeasure of her parents, quiet and religious people.

The young man managed to get up a flirtation with the maiden, and she consented for him to accompany her to her home in Chester. She conducted the "masher" into the parlor, begging him to excuse her for a few moments. In a short time the young lady's father appeared and he took the poor, conceited young fellow by the collar, led him to the door and, by the scientific application of his boot lifted him clean into the middle of the street. Not a word was uttered during the entire proceeding—which was quick—the young man seeming to look upon the chastisement as deserved. The young lady had lured this nice young fellow home with her just for the fun of seeing him kicked out.

The ringleader of a mob of track layers in Kansas attempted to release one of their number imprisoned in Augusta jail was shot dead by City Marshal Richardson Saturday night. The Marshal was arrested. The track-layers threaten vengeance on the town.

ADDISON SIMS.

He Thought Himself the Happiest
Man Alive—Just Mar-
ried.

BUT HE MADE A DISCOVERY

And Found Frailty's Name is Woman,
and That His Wife Was
Off.

THEREFORE, HE PRAYED—FOR A DIVORCE

Addison Sims was, in the early summer of 1879, a well connected young unmarried man whose parents lived upon a farm in the vicinity of Windsor, Mo. He was paying his devoirs to a bright faced rural beauty, whose rounded figure, handsome face and vivacious ways had turned many a young fellow's heart in that vicinity to the thoughts of matrimony. But Sims appeared to have at least secured her affections and driven his rivals to the wall, and implanted himself in the position of her accepted lover. Her name was Eugenie Humphreys. She was an orphan, her mother having died when Eugenie was in her infancy, and her father soon after contracted a second marriage. She had no kith or kin except her step-mother, who resided in Benton county, two brothers, and her uncle's family. With this latter, who also resided in the immediate vicinity of Windsor, she had been reared, and was looked upon with the affection of a daughter.

Finally Sims' courtship came to a successful termination. The wedding dress was donned, the happy marriage bells rang out, the

BRIDE AND GROOM

were joined as one by the bonds of holy church, and together they sought her husband's home to pass their remaining years as man and wife. For a time—a very short time—all went well. Then the husband made the discovery that he had not been first in his wife's affections. There was the revelation of a ghastly skeleton in the family closet. Before three months of their married life had flowed into the past it became shamefully evident to Sims that the wife whom he had considered a pearl among women was *coquette* and that he was about to become a legalized father without being so in right and fact.

A terrible scene is said to have taken place. The wronged husband spoke all his incensed thoughts, upbraiding his wife with her treason to duty, and she fell at his feet, a weeping penitent, and made confession. But for her he could have no forgiveness. Nothing could bring back the alienated love he once bore her, he said, and he bade her go.

BURY HIS DISGRACE AND HER

by seeking the home of her step-mother. As for him, he at once persuaded his father to sell his farm and remove from the neighborhood.

This was in October last. Mrs. Sims left her husband and sought the retirement offered by the roof of her step-mother, upon a farm near Lincoln, Benton county, and Sims went with his father's family and purchased a farm near Moberly, having first sold every foot of ground they owned at Windsor. An application was at once made for a divorce, upon the part of the husband, and it was his petition which the Henry county court granted at its last sitting, in the case of "Sims vs. Sims."

About the time that Sims first began to be suspicious that all within his little family circle was not just as it should be, a cousin of the former Eugenie Humphreys, one William Ham, a son and member of the family of that uncle with whom she had through the greater part of her life made her home, disappeared from Windsor without apparent cause, and went to live in another state. There were suspicious circumstances connected with his departure, and

THE TONGUE OF VENOM

was not long in circulating a report which was subsequently found to be true.

When Sims had accused his wife of her shame she had revealed to him a story which showed her cousin, this William Ham, to have been the black villain who was the author of her seduction. For years he had looked upon her with lustful eyes, but he had never succeeded in overcoming her virtue until she had become engaged to marry Sims. Then in an unguarded moment he had accomplished her ruin. Neither the ties of blood, which should have forbidden any but a bestial and lecherous-minded man to even attempt the crime of which Ham was guilty, nor the honor of his father's house, where his cousin was in a certain sense a guest, nor the natural sense of honor which should have prevailed over any passion, when once its object became the affianced wife of another, had been motives strong enough in the heart of the miscreant to prevent his carrying to completion the dark work of the ruin of the woman through whose veins ran the

SAME BLOOD AS HIS OWN.

Mrs. Sims, in August, about a month after her marriage, visited two respectable physicians of Windsor, Drs. Dawson and Smith, and without stating her trouble, endeavored to procure certain medicines with which she trusted to be able to procure an abortion and avert the discovery of her condition. She alleged another affection, and asked for drugs which are known to be powerful agents both for the purpose she desired them and that which she stated.

Instead of these, she was given some harmless preparations which could have no effect in causing a premature birth, the physicians being suspicious as to the object to which she intended to devote those medicines for which she had made application.

No sooner had the young woman fallen, than she bitterly repented the evil. Her approaching marriage, she knew, would not conceal the crime, and she made desperate efforts to procure means of hiding it from her husband. In these efforts Ham refused to assist, standing by with bold effrontery and

PERMITTING HER DISGRACE

to find revelation or concealment, as it might. It was only when he learned of his exposure that, fearing a husband's wrath, he fled the state. In January last, at the house of her step-mother, Mrs. Sims gave birth to twin children. Truly their young lives were sorrowfully ushered into this world. With a mother who is bowed with repentant grief for her sin; with a father whose name they can never bear, even if the disgrace of it would not be worse than mere bastardy; with the husband of their mother about to cast off the marital tie which bound him to them; surely lot could not well be more pitiable than theirs.

The sad story of disgrace is here left. As a matter of duty it has been given to the public, whose property it had become when once it appeared in court.

Mr. Sims was granted an absolute divorce by the court sitting at Clinton, Mo.

CLARENCE'S QUIETUS

To be Envied—The Much-Married man of Chicago Will Take a Five Years' Rest From Matrimonial Turmoil.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 8.—The trial of Clarence E. Davis, the polygamist, was concluded to-day, and the notorious repeater at the altar had punishment meted out to the full extent of the law. On the opening of court, States Attorney Mills made the closing address for the prosecution. He characterized Davis as a devil in human shape, who, after marrying his last wife, returned to his wife in Detroit, embraced her, imprinted on her cheek a serpent kiss and hissed into her ears a love he never bore her. He was a vile bigamist, who spat on the honor of woman. His hands were red with wrong and his heart branded with the blackness of criminality. The attempt to break down the prosecution he denounced as a conspiracy which he confidently believed had been broken down. It was framed for the purpose of ruining two women to save one scoundrel. But by the combination of circumstances which Davis could not control, the serpent was at last under the woman's heel. Of all the devils in hell there was none more devilish than he. He was so vile that he would even insult the motherhood that gave him birth. The fullest penalty should be inflicted on him. He had committed a crime even worse than murder, for he had stabbed to death the future and happiness of three women.

At the conclusion of Mr. Mills' address, the jury was ordered to rise and receive the instructions of the Court, which were brief, and turned upon a point whether the Detroit woman was still married at the time of her marriage to Davis. At noon the jury retired, and in just one hour sent word to the Court that they had agreed upon a verdict. They were brought into Court, and as soon as the roll was called and they were seated, the verdict was read, as follows:

We, the jury, find the defendant guilty in the manner and form as charged in the second count of the indictment, and fix his punishment at five years in the Penitentiary and a fine of \$1,000.

The verdict was received with loud applause by the crowd, which was suppressed by the balliffs, at considerable effort. Davis sat near the jury, and by hard work preserved his coolness. Miss Lynch, his last wife, was affected, and she, too, with difficulty restrained her feelings. Davis wanted a balliff to allow him to bid her good-bye. The request was denied and a sensation choked off. Davis was then hurried back to jail. The jury agreed upon a verdict of guilty upon the first ballot. There was some controversy about the punishment, which was finally fixed at the extreme limit of the law. No motion for a new trial was entered, but one will probably be made before sentence is passed.

FEMALE GAMBLERS.

Mlle Gilbert Little Game—How the Gay Damsels of Paris Enjoy Themselves.

A curious gaming case has lately come up in Paris. Mlle. Gilbert is a gambler, passionately devoted to her cards, and not ashamed of her passion. She is well to do, and in her spinster boudoir in the Rue Richemance Mals, has many a little game for the benefit of certain dear friends of her own sex and tastes. Up to a month or so ago these games were restricted to hazard, baccarat and the like. Then noticing that her guests wearied of short cards now and again, Mlle. Gilbert invested in a superb roulette wheel and lay-out. Somehow or other the police got wind of this, and one afternoon a decent was made on the place and a dozen aristocratic ladies, including the proprietress, marched like so many ignoble felons before a magistrate. The zealous police got a bluff at the very start, however.

It is proved that Mlle. Gilbert's game was a strictly private one, that its only patrons were the most intimate friends of the hostess, and that such close acquaintances who called were not permitted to enjoy it unless it was agreeable to all parties. Moreover, Mlle. Gilbert's losses effectually disproved the charge that she run her establishment for purpose of gain. She is notoriously unlucky, and her passion costs her the bulk of a handsome income. There being no law against anyone's playing games of chance for their own private amusement, the fair prisoners were released with an abject apology. Having ascertained that the charges against her were based on information furnished by a lady whom she had denied the privilege of playing, Mlle. Gilbert has instituted suit against her for slander.

A BANK FIZZLE.

Why the Meeting Between Rooke and Donovan Came to Naught—A Disappointed Mob.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 11.—The Canadian authorities were as good as their word. They carried out their programme as announced, and have prevented, at least for a time, the fight for the middle-weight championship and \$1,000 a side, between Michael Donovan, of Chicago, and George Rooke, of New York. The start from Erie was set down for daylight this morning, and, although all hands were on deck soon after the appointed hour, the boats did not get off until 6 o'clock. The Donovan party was carried by the tug Thompson, of Erie; Rooke and his friends were on board the Dragon, of Ashtabula. The little steam yachts Hunter and Welsh each had all they could carry. When outside the bay a tug from Buffalo, with a party of the sporting fraternity, joined the fleet, and it was estimated that less than 200 spectators would witness the encounter if it took place. The incidents occurring during the trip across the lake made it eventful. After going half the distance, the Welsh took fire and was disabled, in consequence of which she was taken back to Erie after her passengers had been transferred to the Dragon. It was now generally known that Long Point had been selected for the fighting ground, and that the battle would be fought near the light-house, on the spot where "Jimmy" Elliott was beaten by John Dwyer a year ago. When within two or three miles of the light-house on the point, an accident occurred to the engine of the Thompson, which compelled her to lay to, blow off steam, repair the damage, and fill up the boiler and

BEGIN ANEW.

The tugs Derr, Dragon, and the Hunter reached Long Point at 10 A. M. They were met there by the Anna Craig, Capt. Burgess, of Port Dover, with Sheriff Deeds, of Norfolk, and Judge Huntington and a number of constables on board, and the Thirty-seventh Volunteers drawn up in line of battle on the beach. This was the same Sheriff Deeds who had his watch and chain stolen while reading the Riot Act to the Mace-Coburn gang, in 1871. The Sheriff courteously, but with a manner that showed he meant business, informed the Rooke party that he intended to prevent the fight at all hazards, and if an attempt was made to land, the military would be called into requisition and bullets would fly. Discretion being the better part of valor, the party left the place and started back to where the Thompson lay rolling in the gentle swell. The condition of affairs was duly reported to Donovan's friends, and a parley occurred between the seconds of the men, the friends of both occasionally putting in a word, and making the thing interesting. There was much excitement on all sides. Barney Aaron wanted to fight on American soil, but Jerry Donovan wouldn't hear of it, and said, "You know what the articles of agreement are. You have got the stakes. Pitch your ring in Canada and we will meet you." Aaron offered to go to Ohio, but Donovan flatly refused to do anything in the States. He loved his liberty and did not propose to lay himself liable to be taken away from his wife and babies. As soon as this business was over with, he wanted to get home and stay there. Finally he told Aaron to lead on and he would follow, but the fight would have to take place in Canada. It was suggested that this was hardly possible in the face of British guns and British constabulary, and Aaron appealed to

DONOVAN TO USE HIS SENSE.

The boats started again, and ran up along the shore for a distance of eight or ten miles, the Canadian steamer having weighed anchor and followed several miles in their wake, to keep watch of their movements. Coming alongside of one another again, the parties entered into another discussion. Jerry Donovan told Aaron to go ashore and pitch his ring. Barney said, "We will give you the stakes, and you can do it yourself if you want to take any chances. You don't want to jeopardize your liberty, and we don't care to be shot by the soldiers. What's the use of Yankee-doodling around here? Look!" And with this exclamation the speaker called attention to the near approach of the Craig, while some of those about him taunted Donovan with the assertion that his brother did not want to fight. "If you want to fight," continued Aaron, "follow us." But this was only breath wasted, so far as having any effect to induce Jerry to consent to fight the battle in the States. He finally named an isolated spot on the Canadian soil as satisfactory, if the Rooke party was willing to go, but the lateness of the hour—1 P. M.—and lack of sufficient coal on board the Dragon to last the distance prevented anything further being done. The brow of the Buffalo tug was turned in the direction of the Queen City, with Donovan and "Patsy" Shepard on board. The others headed for Erie, and there was no fight. Donovan's friends say that Rooke and his friends have no one to blame but themselves for the failure to get the pugilists into the ring. The Canadians had shown their hands; they had spun the web, and the pugilist flies walked right into it on the simplest invitation. Long Point was the place that would

CERTAINLY BE WATCHED.

Those who made the arrangements and named the ground knew it, and it was believed they would be more cunning and wise than to take the chances they did. They having won the toss for choice of ground, it was their duty, under the rules, to pitch the ring. On the other hand, the New Yorkers say Donovan did not want to fight; that only a coward would have allowed the match to end in such a fizzle, and that he did not dare to face his adversary. Great dissatisfaction prevailed on both sides, for, had the men met, their condition, ambition and character insured a very hot fight. Rooke weighed 152 pounds and Donovan 148½. The former came here with his friends on the evening train. As the matter now stands, the final stakeholder, John Scannel, of New York, has the naming of the next time and place, unless one or both of the men should feel a disinclination to fight, in

which case the money would be drawn. The general opinion is that the match will be declared off.

In an interview with Donovan to-night, he said Barney Aaron was to blame for this whole business. "He did the thing up slick, slicker than any other man in the country could. He knew very well last night that there would be no fight. We made a proposition to go to an entirely different locality, but he insisted on fighting at Long Point. He knew the authorities would be there—the Chief of Police told him so. This evening I proposed to fight Rooke with small gloves, in fifteen days, in New York, at weight. This was flatly refused by Aaron, who said he intended to see the stakeholders. They have a nice little game cooked up to have me fight Rooke as a heavy weight, and I shan't do it. Their plan is to have the stakeholder appoint next Tuesday as the time for the next meeting, so as to give him a chance to build up to 163 pounds to fight at catch weight. I fancy I know as much as they do, and don't intend to be caught that way. He must meet me at the weight called for by the rules or else not at all. I could not get into any condition in the time proposed for a heavy weight. They even wanted me to go to Canada to-night, but I know better than to do so, because he has had ample time to increase his weight considerably. I am no coward, and will fight him under the rules. I am not afraid of him, and you know it." Rooke and Donovan with their respective friends left here for New York.

Up to the hour of going to press, no definite plans have been agreed upon.

SAM MUST STAY.

Jugged on Complaint of his Wife for Adultery—She Relents and tries to Get Him Out—The Judge Says Nay.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., May 10.—Three months ago Samuel Marchbank and a Miss March were arrested for adultery, at the instance of Mrs. Marchbank, and the wayward Samuel consigned to the St. Louis Work House at hard labor for six long months, in addition to being fined \$500. After his sentence, which was severer than his wife had expected, she made an effort to secure a commutation of his punishment, but was not successful. An application has been presented to the Governor asking this time for a pardon, to which he makes the following refusal:

State of Missouri vs. Samuel Marchbank—City of St. Louis Work House.—The prisoner pleaded guilty to the charge of living in a state of open and notorious adultery. He left his wife and children in one of the Eastern States, came to St. Louis, where his paramour joined him, and they lived in open adultery for about three months in that city. On a plea of guilty he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the Work House and to pay a fine of \$500. Defendant is insolvent. I am not authorized to remit a fine unless all costs shall be first paid. This is a positive statutory enactment well known to lawyers, and in this case has not been complied with. But Messrs. Garesche urge the punishment of Marchbank as too severe. The maximum punishment is not imposed on him; it is only one-half of that. What is a righteous and just punishment for adultery? What for the man who abandons his wife and children, and lives in a state of open and notorious adultery with his paramour for three months? I am not prepared to say the sentence of the Court is too great in this case.

But it is alleged the defendant has been treated with severity in being placed at hard labor. The law imposes on him hard labor as a punishment. If he has been treated cruelly or inhumanly by the city officers of St. Louis, redress is at hand in the city of St. Louis. Punishment can then be imposed on the offenders, and the keeper of the Work House be required to treat his prisoners in a humane manner. Pardon refused.

Stamped to Death.

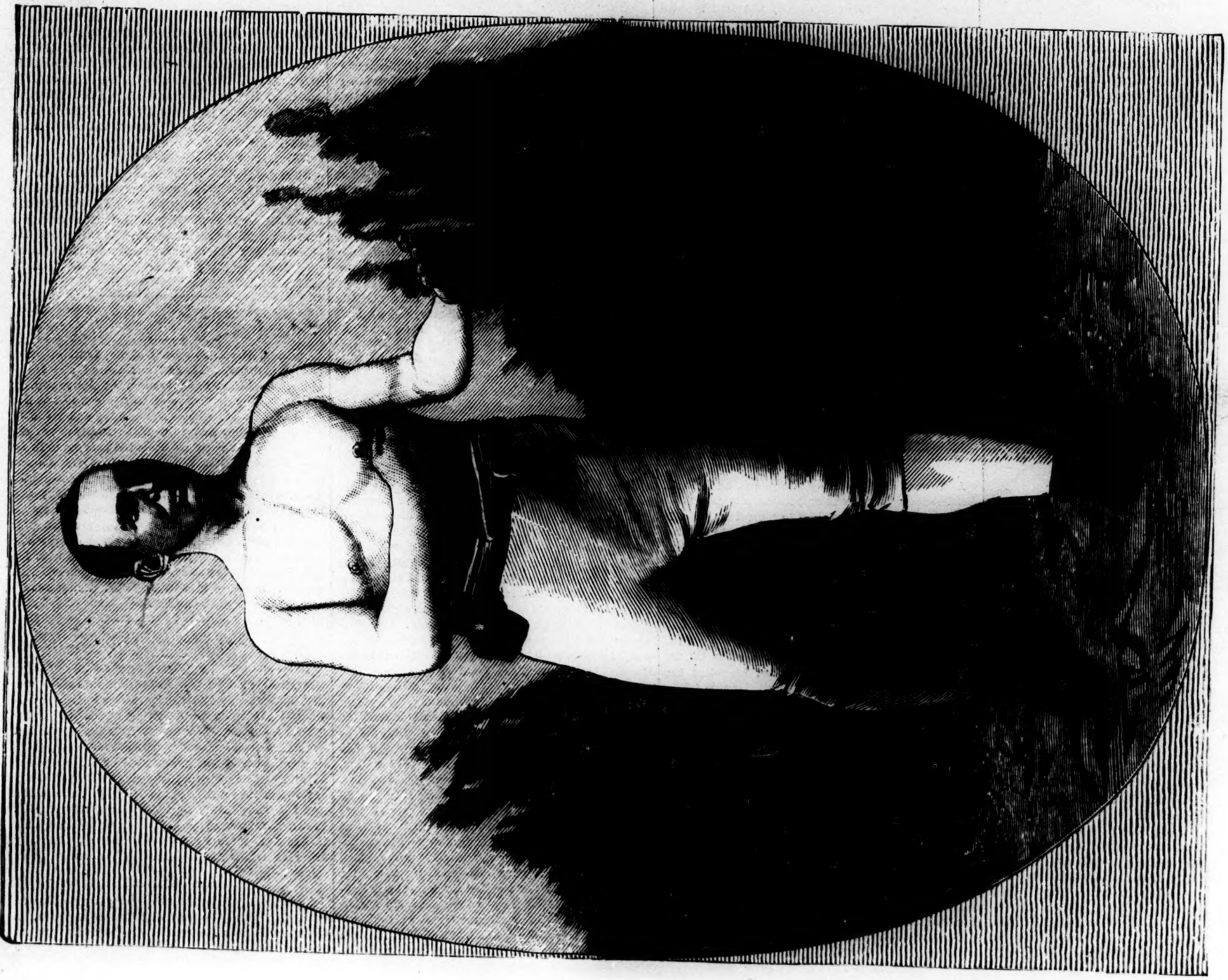
CHICAGO, May 10.—A particularly brutal murder was committed at 129 North Halsted street last night. James Tobin, a stevedore by occupation, occupies the house indicated with his wife and five children. He came home last evening under the influence of liquor and turned the family out of the house, they taking refuge from the heavy rain in an out-building. Later, they were told to return the house. But the only one doing so was the daughter Mary, seventeen years old. Tobin immediately sent her out to purchase a satchel, declaring his intention to leave the family. Angered that the daughter brought him a satchel without a key, he threw her violently to the floor, pounded her severely with his fists, jumped on her and finished by beating her with a chair. She died in half an hour. Tobin was arrested, but denied the killing.

Mr. George Brown.

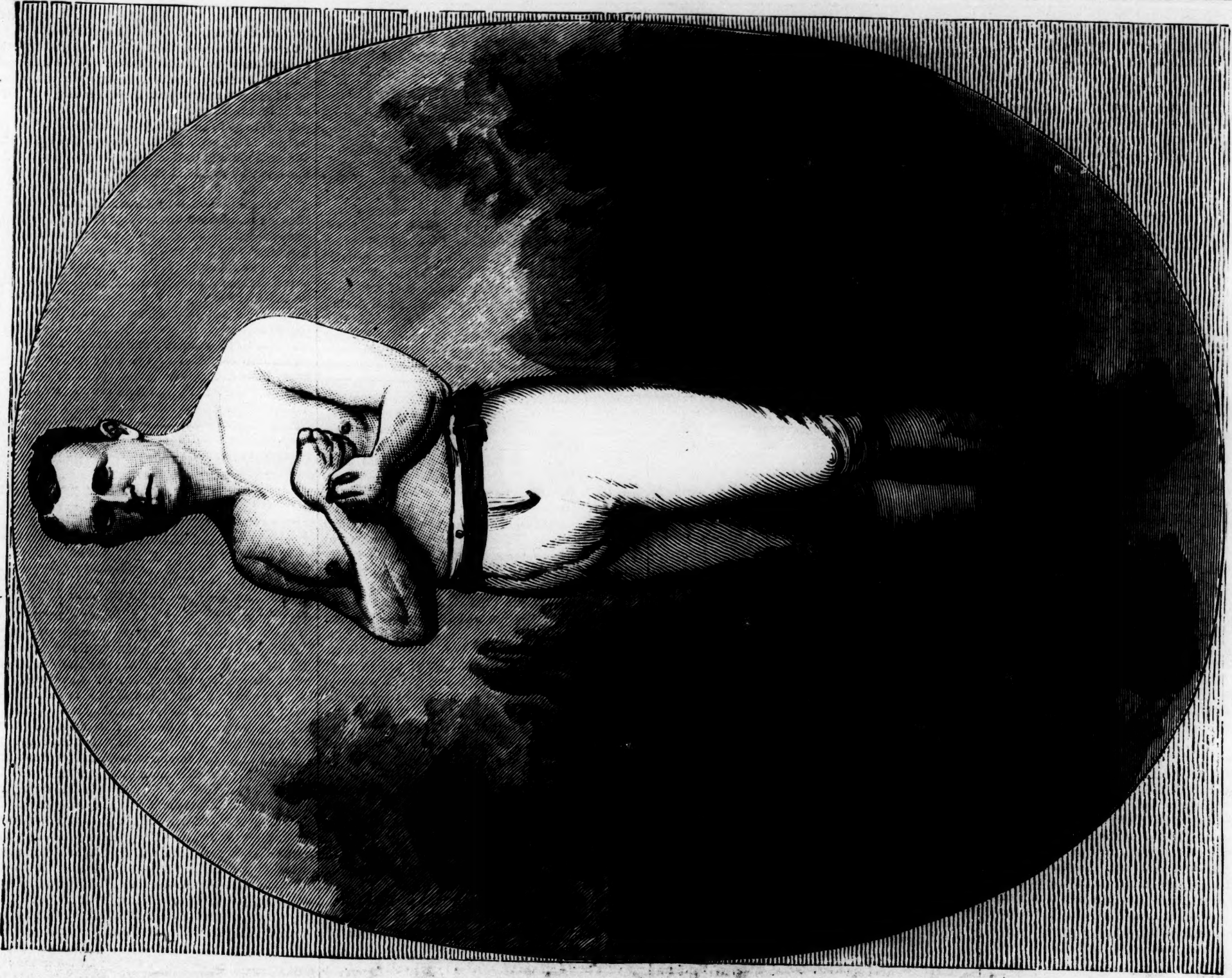
[With Portrait.]

Mr. George Brown, editor of the Toronto Globe was shot about two weeks ago by George Bennett, a discharged workman, while sitting at his desk in his office. He died on the 9th inst., from the effect. Mr. Brown has been Prime Minister, and for twenty years he was the head of the government or reform party. At all times he bore a leading part, either personally or through the columns of his newspaper, the Globe. Apart from politics, says the Evening Telegram, Mr. Brown was esteemed as a great man by everyone. He has done more for Canada's interests than any other individual, and his death has caused great sorrow.

Leadville is a tolerably healthy place to live in now. With two lockups and four policemen, a stranger can now go from the depot to the hotel without being shot at—that is if he runs like a race horse.

**JOE GOSS.**

PRINCIPALS IN THE PRIZE FIGHT TO TAKE PLACE MAY 18, FOR THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA AND \$2,000.—(PHOTOGRAPHED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE BY J. WOOD, 208 BOWERY, NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 14 FOR A FULL ACCOUNT OF THEIR LIVES AND RECORDS.)

**PADDY RYAN.**

PRINCIPALS IN THE PRIZE FIGHT TO TAKE PLACE MAY 18, FOR THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA AND \$2,000.—(PHOTOGRAPHED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE BY J. WOOD, 208 BOWERY, NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 14 FOR A FULL ACCOUNT OF THEIR LIVES AND RECORDS.)



NEW YORK'S GAS-LIT LIFE—MIDNIGHT PICTURES OF METROPOLITAN SIGHTS, SCENES AND CHARACTERS—COMMITTING A BURGLARY—INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A CHACERMAN—A SUPPER THAT COST TEN YEARS OF LIBERTY—MEN WITH A TASTE FOR FINERY, AND WHO RISK AND TAKE LIFE TO OBTAIN IT—A STRANGE ADVENTURE—YE GAY AND FESTIVE BURGLAR ENCOUNTERS A SONNABULIST—AN ESCAPE IN A HOUSE OF CRIME AND DEATH—[SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY GAZETTE ARTISTS—SEE PAGE 14.]

A REMARKABLE VILLAIN.

An Ear-Cutting Revenge for Losses
Over a Game of Cards.

A SENTENCE FOR LIFE

Which was Succeeded by an Escape,
a Liason and a Murder.

THE END OF A BOLD GAME.

A Russian is not sensational. There is too much snow and ice around him—too much czar and knout overshadowing his daily life—and there is certainly nothing cheerful in a prospective residence in Siberia. But there is now and then one who springs up all vivacity, energy and shrewdness, and astonishes if he does not delight his countrymen.

Of this character was Ivan Dubrowski, one of the liveliest scoundrels Russia has produced in the last score of years. The son of a surfer, born in a hovel, ignorant and uneducated, he yet had the bearing of a well-born man and the politeness of a court gallant.

His first appearance in the criminal records was for a brutal revenge he inflicted upon Mourikoff, a barber in St. Petersburg, who had offended him at a game of cards. Entering the barber's shop just as he was about closing it, Ivan prostrated him with a tremendous blow of his fist upon his throat; then quickly shutting the shop doors and the board shutters, he proceeded to accomplish his purpose as deliberately as if he were beginning a holiday pleasure. First he mixed a cup of lather, and forcing open the jaws of the still helpless victim, completely filled his mouth with the soapy mixture; then, cramming in as a gag one of the huge thick-handled shaving brushes, peculiar to a Russian barber shop, he lifted him up—not, however, without giving him another

FEARFUL BLOW IN THE THROAT
to ensure his silence, and placing him in a sitting position in one of the chairs, he bound him there, hand and foot, securely with three or four of his own towels.

Slowly the barber came to consciousness. In the grim, yellowish light of the oil lamp which swung from the ceiling, helpless, unable to utter a sound of alarm, yet hearing the tramp of people passing to and fro on the pave without, he sat there facing the glass in which he could see his torturer.

"I will now shave you, my good barber," said Ivan, as with malignant coolness he took up a razor and deliberately strapped it upon the hard piece of leather which hung from the wall beside the glass. "For fear the razor might slip from your face to your throat, I will assist you in keeping your head still, my dear barber, Mourikoff." So saying Ivan grasped the poor wretch by the hair and jerking his head back and holding it as firmly as if it were in a vise, with one hand, with the other finished his work. With the pitiless malignity of a fiend he severed his victim's ears from his head, and wrapping them in a piece of paper, thrust them into his pocket, stepped to the door and unfastened it.

"You will not cheat me again at cards, my good Mourikoff. One good shave deserves another." Throwing the door open Ivan was gone, leaving Mourikoff in agony of pain and covered with blood. An hour after, almost

DEAD FROM LOSS OF BLOOD,
and insensible from the frightful torture to which he was subjected the barber's condition was discovered. The next day he was able to describe Ivan. The police were on his track. Within a month he was arrested, put upon examination before "The Court of Crime," preliminary to his trial.

"I did clip the fellow's ears," Ivan admitted boldly, "but I am willing to make restitution of stolen property. Search my lodgings in the Street Kremlin, No. 5, off the Great Square of St. Peter, and in the closet you will find in a small bottle the lost ears of my barber—in spirits, well preserved. If I could take them to Siberia I should be happy."

The mutilated barber slowly recovered; Ivan was sentenced to life servitude in Siberia. Beyond the little village of Petrovsk he managed to escape from the guard. This was on the 17th of June, 1870. Then he was heavily bearded and clad in convict garb. Search for him was in vain. The officer of the guards to screen himself, for this escape of a prisoner made report that Ivan Dubrowski had "died of exhaustion."

In August following the Countess Larinskoff taking a fancy to a young and handsome fellow whom upon several occasions she met in the guise of a Servitor in the house of an acquaintance, engaged him as her secretary.

SHE WAS THE WIDOW
of an attache of the Imperial court. She was barely twenty-five, a woman of scarcely governable passion, and the possessor of a large income or pension from the government. This young man, so lucky in securing her favor was Ivan Dubrowski, now known as Javanisk. Not even the barber would have recognized him in his present guise his diabolical tormentor. After a few weeks in her employ he one day told her what he said was the "sad story" of his life. She believed the impudent impostor. His vivacity won her. While the glamour of infatuation was upon her she became his mistress. She revelled in the delight of his presence. Had it not been through fear of losing her income she would have married him.

One day she detected him, overheard him making love to Mile. Cherie Loula, her waiting-maid. Enraged, she ordered him from her service. He obeyed. That night she missed him, her maid, Cherie Loula, and five thousand roubles, and a diamond necklace. The countess placed the matter in the hands of the police. The officials, stimulated by a large reward, searched in vain. One day the body of a young woman, her features frightfully disfigured, was found floating in the Neva near the great iron bridge. It was recognized as that of Cherie Loula. The was almost entirely nude. It was evident

SHE HAD BEEN MURDERED.
Naturally the police concluded Ivan, the missing man, was guilty. Was he dead or had he fled the country? On the 9th of December, by one of those accidents which seem like fatality, but which are simply providential, Madam, the Countess, on leaving the office of the Chief of the Imperial Police, met face to face a man in the uniform of a sub-official whose features were strangely familiar. The man returned her glance without a tremor. It was Ivan himself.

Despite his darkened skin, the great moustache and beard changed to a muddy red, she knew him at once.

She cried out:
"Villain! ingrate! murderer!"
His coolness did not desert him. Bowing to her, he answered:

"Correct, madame; but you forget you were my mistress!"

Enraged beyond control, uttering a wild cry for assistance, she rushed upon him and clutched her hands around his throat. In an instant half a dozen officials sprang from the guard-room and seized him.

"The woman is mad!" he said. "She imagines I am Javanisk. See, she has fainted. Revive her, and perhaps she will be sensible enough to perceive the terrible mistake she has made."

The countess was recognized by several of the officials and conveyed to her residence. That evening, Ivan, alias Javanisk, was taken to her presence. He went willingly.

"Do you now identify this sub-officer of the police guard, who is enrolled under the name of Petrovsk, as Javanisk—once your secretary?" was the question.

"Be sure, madame, before you speak!" said Ivan, giving her

A LOOK OF TERRIBLE SIGNIFICANCE.
The countess hesitated, trembled. She knew what he meant—exposure, ruin to her if she uttered the truth. Slowly she answered:

"No, now that I see him again more perfectly, he is not Javanisk."

Ivan's triumph was complete. His audacity, satanic coolness had once more rescued him from peril.

But to him the end was to come as it comes to all. He had silenced the countess; he had evaded the horrors of Siberian exile, and was no longer in fear of recognition by the barber he had so villainously mutilated. As for the murdered girl, his companion in his flight from his too trusting titled mistress—"she could tell so tales," for the dead give up no secrets.

The guard who had charge of Ivan and fifteen other convicts on the journey to Siberia, and from which he had escaped, had not returned, but they were daily expected. The report that he had died from exhaustion, sent by the officer of the guard, might be still belied were some of the returning guard to see him.

To avoid all further chance of discovery Ivan resolved to leave Russia and make his way to France, to Paris, that paradise of successful crime and love adventures. Cautiously, carefully he made his preparations by

A SERIES OF ROBBERIES,
as adroit as they were dangerous in their pecuniary result. One of these was upon the Chief of the Imperial Police Guard, by which that functionary was deprived of one thousand roubles and a gold snuff box, a present from Prince Gortschakoff.

He was ready to depart. Everything was favorable. Within himself he had already said: "Farewell, Petersburg, City of the Czars; city of my earliest successes. Farewell."

As he was, as he thought, for the last time leaving the office of his captain, a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder. He heard, like a knell of doom, the words, "I have found you, wretch."

Ivan turned and faced the speaker. For the first time in his career of crime he quailed, and his lips quivered with fear and the color left his face.

"My God, the dead alive?" was all he could utter. There before him stood the guard in whose special custody he was when he escaped from Petrovsk, and whom he had, as he thought, killed in the attempt. This guard, manacled to his prisoner, slept with him. In the night Ivan contrived to release his hand from the fetter. Near him in the dim light of a guard lamp he saw a bar of iron. This he had grasped. As he was creeping out over the wooden

settee to the floor, the guard awoke; rushing upon him, Ivan struck him a tremendous blow with the iron bar on the head. The man fell back senseless, as Ivan thought, dead. "No human vitality could survive such a blow as that," was Ivan's thought. And now, after a lapse of three months, before him, alive and well, fierce and implacable, stood the man he had struck down.

"VILLAIN, YOU ARE MINE!"
You not only thought you had murdered me, but that you, in stealing my haversack, containing my official police suit, could return here to St. Petersburg, and wearing my clothes, personate me. You played your game well, but it is ended. I am Petrovsk—you are again the infamous Ivan Dubrowski. Come!"

Ivan was taken before the Court of Examination, completely broken in spirit. Concealed upon his person was found evidence of his complicity in the murder of Cherie Loula, the countess' waiting-maid; the

snuff box of the Chief of the Police Guard, and a peculiarly-constructed pocket-book, bearing upon its great clasp the monogram and crest of the countess he had robbed.

Ivan Dubrowski is now in the mines of Siberia—for life—and the city of the Czars is relieved of one more ruffian.

A BASE SCOUNDREL.

Soldier, Forger and Libertine—A Scamp of Whom It Will be Well to Beware.

[With Portrait.]

[Correspondence of Police Gazette.]

FORT MEADE, D. T., May 5.—The evil doings of Henry H. Brinkerhoff are many indeed, as his victims can testify. He is a dangerous man, and is badly wanted in Deadwood, D. T., and elsewhere.

For some lawlessness, the importance of which is not exactly known, he was driven to enlist as a soldier in the United States Army, in December, 1874. He was sent to the Seventh Cavalry and assigned to Company G. The first two years of his record is bad, none of the men associating with him, with but one exception, except in the line of duty. Most of the last three years was spent as a non-commissioned officer, and in the capacity of sergeant he was discharged last December, at Fort Meade.

Here, not being restricted by military discipline, he began to show his nastiness by beating several of his comrades out of various sums of money, ranging from \$10 to \$75.

With this and his final statements he, with another discharged soldier, opened a saloon in Deadwood. In connection with the saloon was a gambling room, which soon became the resort of the upper ten sportsmen of the town. The partner rapidly gained the confidence of several of the leading men, and through their assistance they were enabled to start another place on a more important street, which, with their increasing custom, bade fair to soon fill their pockets with shining dust.

During his stay, Brinkerhoff became known among the wearers of petticoats as quite a "mascher." It was remarked on every hand that he was liberal with his shakels and for a time was the "only." He hired the finest rigs that could be obtained and took turn about in giving three fair damels an airing.

He soon overreached himself, however, and as is the way with all of his stamp, he publicly showed himself as intimate with the most notorious woman of the town, and claimed as mistress one of the lowest prostitutes.

His scrapes were numerous. On one occasion he was shot at and thrown out of the second story window of the house of a certain married man, who claimed that he had discovered him in his wife bedroom.

At this time, hearing that two fathers were after him with big navies for the seduction of their daughters, he concluded that it was time to go. The morning of March 24 found the saloon closed, and people search in vain for its proprietor. Not only searched, but mourned for him. Martin Killfoyle found that he had forged his name on a note for \$200, and he had taken \$50 or \$60 more out of the tills of his store.

He also forged the names of two or three others, and raised in all about \$800, and left unpaid bill to the amount of \$500 or more. Telegrams were sent to Bismarck and Sidney, the terminus of the stage routes, to catch him, but he escaped. It was supposed that he went east, but nothing definite was known until a week ago, when he was reported to be in Illinois at his old tricks.

He is going from place to place representing himself as a lieutenant of cavalry in the United States Army on leave.

His game is like the man—very dangerous. He manages to introduce himself into the best society of a town, and, with his gilt tongue and polite manners, has but little trouble. He then selects some fair one of the best family, pretends to fall violently in love with her and proposes marriage. Accepted, he pleads scarcity of time and urges that the wedding be kept quiet and take place immediately. All having been satisfactorily arranged and the day set for the nuptials is near, he obtains all the money he can and with many unpaid bills, skips.

To avoid scandal in the family of the would-be bride the matter is hushed, and the scoundrel is allowed to go unpunished to repeat again and again his novel game, and bring disgrace upon some happy family.

Brinkerhoff claims to be of good family. His family at one time lived in Springfield, Ill., but are now in St. Louis, Mo., where his father and brother are in the iron trade, and are said to be quite wealthy. He is a stout built man, 5 feet 9 inches in height, light hair, hazel eyes and small mustache. He is twenty-seven years of age, and quite winning in his ways. It will not be healthy for him if any of his Deadwood friends catch him.

GHASTLY PLAYTHINGS.

A Horrid State of Neglect—Skeletons For Sale to Bone Dealers—Desecration That Would Shame the Savages.

A special from Portland, Pa., says: There is a spectacle at this place which for horribleness, for want of civilized care and for a standing rebuke upon this community surpasses anything which has ever occurred in this section of the country. Away back in the beginning of this century the dead of this section were buried on a beautiful hill overlooking the Delaware valley and commanding an outlook over the country adjacent for miles around. This sacred spot has remained until to-day the burying-place of the dead, but recently it has been neglected and desecrated in a strangely irreverent manner. The hill under the graveyard was found to contain a fine quantity of limestone, and gradually it was quarried deeper and deeper in the hillside, nearer and nearer the top, until not many months ago there was a

landslide and part of the graveyard was disturbed, some of the bones falling to the bottom of the quarry. Instead of remedying the evil done, little or nothing was attempted in the direction of restoring the graveyard, and to-day the sight is a ghastly one. From the hillside the skeletons protrude in varying lengths and remain for various periods of time, until the earth about the bones falls to the quarries below, when gradually the bones follow and rattle down among the stones and fall into irreverent hands. ~~Some~~ come crashing down and turn their ghastly features up to the view of the passers-by. Boys about the neighborhood pick up these bones, carry them about the street, play with them, and offer them for sale to the bone-dealers. All this is done in the very sight and presence of the good citizens of this place, many of whose ancestors were laid to rest in this once sacred but now sadly desecrated spot. Although it is a subject of many and oft-repeated remarks and words of censure, it still stands a glaring and terrible witness to the heedlessness and neglect of those who should protect it.

MAUD BISHOP'S RASH ACT.

The Result of a Night's Travel on a Steamer—Drugged, Debauched, and an Abortion.

Inspector Byrnes, assisted by Detectives Golden and Dusenbury, arrested on the 9th inst., Adolph Meyberg and a woman named Annie Norris, alias Mme. Romaine, wife of a policeman of the Ninth precinct, on complaint of Maud Bishop, better known as Maud Battell, sixteen years of age, who alleges that she has been betrayed. She related the following history to Inspector Byrnes: She became acquainted with a man named Henry Strong on a Boston boat one year ago. He gave her wine to drink, which left her in a helpless condition. She afterward awoke, she says, to the realization of the fact that she had fallen a victim to his evil designs. Subsequently she made the acquaintance of Meyberg. He visited her frequently at her residence, 49 Bond street, and also at the St. Charles Hotel. Two months ago she persuaded him to accompany her to the house of a female practitioner in Eleventh street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues. There, she says, they were introduced to a woman who gave the name of Mme. Romaine, and who agreed to take the case in hand for the sum of \$30. On March 28 Mme. Romaine visited the patient at her boarding house in Fourteenth street, near Seventh avenue, and in the presence of a woman named Sarah Gray and Adolph Meyberg, consummated her part of the agreement. Maud's condition became so critical that it was found necessary to call in the attendance of a regular physician. She was therefore removed to St. Vincent's Hospital. The prisoners were arraigned before her at the hospital, where she identified them. They are detained at the Central office to await the result.

The girl is said to be the daughter of William E. Bishop, of Prince Edward's Island, Canada. She left home three years ago and came to this city, and was employed in Maiden lane in the manufacture of cosmetics.

FEMALE FIENDISHNESS.

The Shocking Inhumanity of Three Over-Virtuous Arkansas Women.

Van Buren, (Ark.,) letter to the St. Louis, Mo., *Republican*: A young man from twenty miles below here brings news of a terrible crime committed by some women in the neighborhood of the Brady farm. A woman, a poor, miserable outcast, on the verge of the grave, had taken shelter in a cabin on the Brady farm. An over-virtuous female, accompanied by her sister and a girl of a pretty hard reputation, went to the cabin to run the poor creature off from the settlement. She, having heard the threats made by this trio against her life, crawled out of the cabin into a hollow log which lay near by. The party went to the cabin, threw off the roof, and deliberately tore down the house a log at a time. When they had succeeded in demolishing the cabin, they began a search in the woods adjoining for the recent inmate, and succeeded in discovering her retreat in the log. The elder lady wanted to take some giant powder and blow up the log, but the two others insisted on making her come out and leave. So they told her if she would come out and leave immediately they would let her go, but if she did not they would cover her all over with tar and set it on fire and burn her alive. The miserable wretch, urged on by the fear of such a terrible fate walked and crawled two miles up to the Shaw farm, where she crept into an old corn-crib and died. They drove the woman off on the 20th of April, and she was found dead on the 23d.

SENSATION IN A COURT-ROOM.

A Girl Marries Her Seducer and Father's Murderer, Upon the Latter's Acquittal.

On December 25th last William A. McKinney shot and killed Alfred Smith, six miles from Mt. Vernon, Ky. McKinney had seduced the daughter of Smith. McKinney was arrested and indicted by the grand jury at the present term of the circuit court for wilful murder, and a few days since the trial began. Smith's wife and daughter Nannie were the only witnesses of the killing. According to the preponderance of the testimony, Smith had driven McKinney and Nannie from the house, and attacked McKinney and stabbed him severely with a knife before McKinney fired the shot which sent Smith into eternity. Nannie had been living with McKinney since the killing, and their former relations have been kept up. The jury, after a deliberation of about twenty minutes, returned a verdict of not guilty, after which William and Nannie marched arm in arm into the court-house, and, halting just outside the bar, Judge McClure in a few words pronounced them man and wife. The occurrence caused considerable sensation.

BRANDS FOR THE BURNING

Gathered in by the Irrepressible Superintendent of the Fiery Kingdom.

HER REVENGE CAME HOME TO ROOST.

Flanagan Saved the Coroner the Trouble of Hauling the Rolling Fork.

GOT DRUNK, AND WAS SHOT.

Capp Caps the Climax of a Wicked Life by the Short Stop at the End of a Rope.

THEY WERE THAR, AND PAID FOR IT.

He Went to Forgive and Got Whisky, Poison and Death.

WHO KILLED JACK NICHOLSON?

ARRESTED FOR FORGERY.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., May 11.—John P. Y. Smith, for the past four years a resident of this place and the vicinity, was arrested last night on the complaint of Alfred Gilman, a lumber dealer, of Sullivan county charging him with forgery.

SHOT IN A DRUNKEN BRAWL.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 11.—A dispatch from Decatur, Ill., says: In a drunken row at a low house south of this city, on Sunday night, Berry Johnson was shot directly through the left breast, by some party unknown. He has lost nearly a gallon of blood, and was expected to die. There were no arrests.

GONE UP.

HANNIBAL, Mo., May 7.—Peter Cardinel (French Pete), keeper of a bagnio on Glascock's Island, in the Mississippi river, opposite this city, was to-day sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary for garroting and robbing James Venable, in October, 1879. If the sentence is carried into effect it will break up the worst den of iniquity on the river.

POISONED HER OWN CHILDREN.

OXFORD, N. C., May 8.—Edith and Mollie Wilkins, children, died suddenly yesterday at home in Buchanan county from poison. Their mother poisoned some bread and put it where her stepson had frequently broken in and taken eatables, expecting him to get it, but her own children were her victims. She is of low character, and is in jail.

A NOVEL SCENE IN COURT.

DETROIT, May 8.—At Manistee Bay, Nicholas Bailey and wife were examined before a justice on a charge keeping a house of ill-fame. The examination was attended by forty ladies, prompted by a desire to encourage the unfortunate girls who were inmates of the den. The ladies, before the opening and at the close of court, prayed and sang gospel hymns.

SHOT DEFENDING HIS SISTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 8.—Squatters' troubles at Alameda Point between the Bird brothers resulted in Urban Bird receiving a load of shot in his head while defending his sister from an assault by George Bird. The gun went off accidentally, it is claimed, while held by one Wilkinson. The fracas of yesterday is the result of a long standing quarrel over the ownership of a valuable tract originally pre-empted by George Bird.

A SPOUTER IN TROUBLE.

There is considerable excitement in Omaha, Neb., over the alleged attempted seduction of a young lady at Lincoln by John B. Finch, the temperance agitator, which is creating great excitement throughout the town. Mr. Finch has been very active in the work in this vicinity, is well known and consequently the affair is a public matter. The girl resides temporarily in his family, and even his friends say the charges are not without foundation.

INEXPLICABLE CREMATION.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 11.—In Coventry, on Saturday, George J. Watson, a farmer, moved part of his goods to a house a short distance from his former residence, and for security decided to remain with them over night. Not returning on Sunday morning his family sought him and found only the chimney of the house standing, and his half-burned body in the cellar. The mysterious affair causes some excitement. An inquest will be held to-morrow. Watson was a quiet person, and had a small amount of money when he left home.

SHOT IN THE HEAD.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 11.—R. P. Williams, a lumber dealer, thirty-five years of age, residing on North

Broad street, was shot in the head and instantly killed in the saloon of John Platt, Broad street and Germantown avenue, early this morning, by George Platt, son of the proprietor. The shooting is said to have been accidental. A friend of young Platt says that he took the gun from behind the bar, without knowing that it was loaded, and pulled the trigger. There appears to have been no quarrel. Platt is in custody. Williams was well known and respected.

GETTING FAT.

Freeman, the adventist, who killed his child at Pocasset, Mass., about a year ago, was formally recommitted to the Danvers (Mass.) insane asylum on Wednesday. During his confinement there he has gained ten pounds, and is in excellent physical health. He is generally cheerful and hopeful, but is disinclined to talk on matters personal to himself. He maintains that he is not insane. He makes himself useful in domestic work about the ward. His deportment is perfect, and his influence upon the other patients with whom he is brought in contact is good.

VERY MUCH MIXED.

A novel case came up in Danville, Ind., Monday, in which a wife sued her husband for bastardy. Some time ago Layton Bradford, a young widower, living near Bridgeport, was forced to marry Miss Simmons on the ground that he was the father of her child. In a day or two after the marriage Bradford disappeared and was gone about two weeks, and on returning refused to live with his wife. Last Monday he was arrested and taken to Danville, where he was bound over to await the action of the Court. The parties have heretofore been considered respectable, and belong to good families.

HIS TROUBLE.

Rev. Thomas B. Bott, late of the Twelfth Baptist Church, Flatstown, Pa., who was on trial two years ago for alleged indiscretion with Lillie Younger, a maiden of his flock, in which case the jury failed to agree, has filed a petition in the court of common pleas, No. 4, asking a divorce from his wife, Cornelia W. Bott, on the ground of desertion. He sets forth that he was married December 25, 1860, by Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, and lived with his wife until July 20, 1877, since which time "she hath wilfully and maliciously deserted and secreted herself from the habitation of the libellant without any reasonable cause."

BIN THAR, AND STOPPED ALL NIGHT.

SULLIVAN, Ind., May 8.—Great excitement prevails among nearly all the young men in town and many of the old ones, also, for that matter. The authorities are arresting every man who has visited a bagnio within the past two years. Nearly forty warrants have been sworn out so far, and it is thought that the number may be increased to 100. The fine and costs in each case, if the parties pleaded guilty, is \$18.55. This they are nearly all doing. Among those pulled was a venerable gentleman of many years, whose name was mentioned previously to the last campaign for the Republican nomination to one of the highest offices in the State. He quietly pleaded guilty.

MURDER AND OUTRAGE.

In Hopkinsville, Ky., Friday a colored man committed an outrage near Fairview, Todd Co., upon Mrs. Geo. Salmon. Her husband left her in the morning to assist in moving a mill, and told her she had better go visiting. She started and had gone some distance from home when the colored man, who was prowling in a field near by, struck her with a stick and left her, doubtless thinking she was dead. He soon returned, and finding she had somewhat recovered and was endeavoring to reach home, followed her and cut her throat. She is now dead. The colored man was arrested and parties started to take him to Elkton to put him in jail, but it is said he was taken from the guard, shot several times and left hanging to a tree.

A MILWAUKEE BRUTE.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., May 8.—A fire in a barn in the rear of Jacob Berg's saloon last evening brought the fire department to the scene, and the fire was soon extinguished. This being the third attempt within a week, a thorough search was determined on, which resulted in finding a little boy, scarcely ten years of age, chained to the floor and handcuffed in a room that would have been swept by flame but for the promptness of the firemen. Further search disclosed another ring, chains and handcuffs on a floor in a bath room. Berg accused his stepsons of lying, stealing and general wickedness, and declared that he had been obliged to resort to such means to command obedience. The Humane Society will prosecute Berg.

A TERRIBLE CRIME.

QUEBEC, May 8.—The night after the seizure of the Lewis and Kennebec railroad rolling stock in the interest of the English bondholders, a number of individuals were set to work to remove the rails from the middle portion of a bridge or trestle work which passes a huge gorge fifty feet high. Any train which might have attempted to pass must inevitably have rushed into destruction. The parties also endeavored to cut through the supports on the trestle work. Some of the men employed in this act have expressed their intention of turning Queen's evidence, and have already made deposition criminating a high official of the road under the regime. On these depositions warrants of arrest have been issued, and the matter will be brought before the police court.

LAYING HER LOW.

DES MOINES, Ia., May 8.—William Grinnage, in Clear Creek township, Poweshick county, claimed a field of oats on which some colts belonging to Mrs. Priscilla Lowe had been trespassing. On Thursday evening he told his daughter he was going to have those colts or die. He took his gun, went to the premises of Mrs. Lowe, and soon after meeting neighbors on the highway informed them he had shot Mrs. Lowe. When asked if he killed her, he replied: "You can go and see for yourself," and told them where they would find her. One of the party went to the place and found the dead body of Mrs. Lowe lying on the right side with a bucket on the left arm and a

rope halter in the right hand. Grinnage was arrested, and the verdict of the coroner's jury was premeditated murder.

AN OLD MAN AND A YOUNG WIDOW.

NORMANTOWN, Pa., May 10.—Edward Kneer, a laboring man from Skippackville, was committed to jail by William F. Hallman, Esq., on the oath of Hettie Woodsides, charging him with being the father of one of her children. The prosecutrix a widow whose maiden name was Kulp. The defendant is over seventy years of age and works around for farmers. He avers his innocence, and though some of his friends offered to go bail for his appearance, he declined to avail himself of their services and preferred to go to prison. The question as to the old man's innocence is being generally discussed. The widow is twenty-seven years and she emphatically testified that she never entertained anybody's company but the old man's. The old man says that there is a mistake somewhere as he has ceased to be a lover for very many years.

TEXAS JUSTICE.

RICHMOND, Tex., May 8.—One of the most important cases in Texas for the last ten years, being the second trial of the murderer, Frank Webb, a cattle man, who assassinated another named Foster, some years ago, was decided to-day. The facts are these: Webb claimed Charles A. Foster had wronged him in some business transaction, whereupon he hunted for Foster, whom he found unarmed and unprepared, sitting on the railway track in the suburbs of Galveston. Without saying a word, Webb deliberately and coolly drew his pistol and shot Foster dead on the spot. By the usual hocus pocus Webb got the trial removed to Brazoria, where he was given forty years, but obtained a new trial and another change of venue to this county. Four negroes were on the jury, who gave the assassin five years only. This verdict practically gives any man in Texas the right to shoot down another if he gets mad at him.

BAULKED!

ERIE, Pa., May 8.—Through the sagacity of Mrs. Stafford, wife of Sheriff Stafford, a well conceived plot, involving meditated murder and escape from jail, was discovered by the sheriff and warden this morning. The ring-leaders are felons just convicted by the court in session. One calls himself Rev. Sayde Hill, of Philadelphia, and the others John O'Day and Ed. Ransom, two desperate robbers. The plan was pounce upon Warden Staples, knock him on the head with an iron club, seize the keys and escape. Mrs. Stafford, hearing an unusual noise, suspected it was to cover some design. She secreted herself near the cells and saw the prisoners at work. She was alone in the jail at the time, her husband and the jailer being at court. She kept guard until they arrived, when the leaders were seized and their tools taken. An hour more and sufficient bars would have been removed to allow the men to drop from the corridor on to the warden.

A LUNATIC DROWNS HIMSELF.

LEBANON, Ky., May 9.—John P. Flanagan drowned himself in the Rolling Fork a fortnight since near his residence in New Market, this county. About midnight his wife missed him from the house, and diligent search was made for him. At daylight his body was found in the river near by. He had his feet tied together with a rope, attached the end of the rope to a stump and then jumped into the water. Flanagan became involved in financial difficulties here eight or nine years ago and moved to the neighborhood of Osage Mission, Kansas. There insanity suddenly developed itself in the killing of one of his children and seriously wounding of another. He stated that his intention was to kill his wife and children and then himself, being oppressed with fear that would starve. Shortly after he returned to this county, he was adjudged a lunatic and a committee appointed, but not sent to the asylum. Since that time he has appeared sane most of the time, but insanity had not wholly disappeared.

A HORRIBLE DISCOVERY.

Great excitement exists in Scranton, Pa., over the discovery of the body of Jack Nicholson, a well-known blacksmith, at the bottom of a ravine fifty feet deep, close to Main street, Hyde Park, in one of the most thickly populated parts of Scranton. Coroner Leet was notified. He empaneled a jury, and on going to where the body lay found it on top of the carcass of a Newfoundland dog. Several dead cats and dogs were around it, and the scene was a ghastly and disgusting one. It is claimed that Nicholson's death was accidental, but this is mere surmise. This is the fifth body found at the foot of this ravine within the past few years, and the manner of death in each case is a mystery. Nicholson, who was married a second time, boarded with the parents of his first wife, owing to some family trouble. It is said that he visited his wife on Saturday night and tried to induce her to live with him. The result of the interview is unknown, but he met his death on his way back to his boarding-house.

DECOYED TO HIS DEATH.

Mrs. Knox and a colored man named Douglas, with whom she cohabited, have been arrested in the township of Holland, Can., for the murder of Thomas Knox. The woman's husband, an old man, married this woman, who is much younger than he, some years ago, but she deserted him last summer and took up with Douglas. Knox had considerable money, which his wife was anxious to get hold of. On Monday she sent word to him that if he would come and see her she would beg his forgiveness and mend her ways. He went to her, and on Tuesday she gave out that he had died in a fit, and he was buried. His daughter, however, suspected foul play, and the county attorney ordered the exhumation of the body. An examination showed that the old man had been strangled. Mrs. Knox and Douglas, together with several of the latter's children, were arrested. One of the children says Mrs. Knox gave her husband some whisky, and while he was asleep she and Douglas tied a rope about his neck. Douglas held the old man down in a chair while she pulled at the rope until the old man's eyes hung out on his cheeks.

She then throttled him, and twisted the rope several times around his neck until he died.

MURDERED HIS DAUGHTER.

James Tobin, a boss stevedore of Chicago, on May 9th murdered his daughter in that city. He went home intoxicated and turned his family out of the house during a heavy thunder storm, because his wife refused to go for beer for him and a friend who was with him. Subsequently his daughter Mollie, a girl seventeen years of age, ventured into the house and he sent her out with \$5 to buy a valise, saying that he was going to pack up his things and leave the family forever. She got the valise and returned, but neglected to provide a key. This enraged Tobin, and he tore the lock to pieces and ordered Mollie to return the valise and bring back the money. She went into an adjoining room, but he, suspecting that she was not obeying his orders, followed, dragged her back by the hair and threw her violently upon the floor. He then jumped on her breast with his knee and began pounding her, she crying, "Oh, father, do not kill me!" When Tobin stopped maltreating his daughter, Mrs. Robinson, who resides in the house and had been calling for help, assisted Mollie into the next room, but the blood came frothing to her lips, and she died in a few minutes. Tobin was arrested, and denied having killed his daughter, but Mrs. Robinson and his eight-year-old son revealed the story of his brutal act.

A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

FORT WORTH, May 7.—The execution of Capp, the negro Baptist, was witnessed to-day by ten thousand persons. After a night of peaceful slumber, the first since his sentence, he rose, ate a hearty breakfast and entertained all callers until 1:17, at which time he was taken out of jail seated on his coffin in a wagon and driven to the gallows one and a quarter miles east of the Court House. At 2 o'clock he mounted the scaffold with a firm step and took his place on the deadfall. The noose, prepared by the father of his victim, was placed about his neck without his evincing any emotion. He was attended by two spiritual advisers of his own color, one of whom addressed the crowd and the other prayed and sung the hymn: "If I must die, oh, let me die in Jesus." The prisoner was joined in the hymns, his voice soaring above all. After a prayer, the condemned addressed the multitude for ten minutes, during which he confessed the crimes and two other attempts at rape. Turning to the officers he asked them as a dying request that they see to it that Nathan House, sentenced to the Penitentiary for seven years for one of the attempts, be released, and that Ben Mosely, held for the other attempt, be acquitted. He said: "I was a Union soldier for ten years but with this confession, thanks to Jesus, I am a soldier of the Cross and therein death. Oh people, if you felt as I now feel you would be the happiest mortals on earth. I am prepared and willing to die. At 2:15 the trap rope was cut and he shot through. His neck was broken, the pulse ceasing in ten minutes. He was cut down after hanging twenty minutes.

GREER'S GRIEF.

Suits for Bastardy, Seduction and Breach of Promise.

FINDLAY, Ohio, May 10.—The vicinity of Arlington this county, is where Holland Monroe Greer and Mary Emma Bates, two nice young country people reside, and who, during the year 1879, were very intimate with each other—too much so, as the sequel will show. Miss Bates, who was but sixteen years old at the time of the commencement of the intimacy, is the daughter of respectable parents, whose grief at the finale was naturally great. The young man in the case is well connected, his father being one of the wealthiest men in the neighborhood, and young Greer is himself possessed of considerable of this world's goods. The fruit of the young couple's intimacy was an infant child, which is now seeking for a father in the person of H. M. Greer.

To this end the defendant was arrested, and taken before Justice Hoff, of Madison Township, where he gave bond in the sum of \$400 to appear at the next term of the Common Pleas Court of Hancock county. But this did not end the woes of the gay young Greer. On the 5th inst., Solomon Bates, father of the plaintiff, entered suit against young Greer, claiming \$500 as payment of damages sustained in the illness of plaintiff, alleged to have been caused by defendant, which case will also be heard at the next term of Court. Now comes Mary Emma Bates, on the 6th inst., and enters suit of breach of promise of marriage, and asks that she be awarded the sum of \$3,000 to heal her affections.

A good deal of interest will center in our old rickety court-house during these trials, as the parties are well known and much respected.

Trying to Save the Miller Murderers.

WILLIAMSPORT, May 11.—To-day the counsel for Catherine Miller and George Smith, convicted of the murder of Andrew Miller, made a motion before Judge Cummins in arrest of judgment and for a new trial, for the following reasons: First, one of the jurors expressed the opinion before being sworn that both defendants were guilty, and that he would just as willingly find against the woman as the man, although when sworn to make true answers he denied having formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoners; Second, when the jury was polled one of the jurors found Catherine Miller guilty of murder in the second degree; Third, the Court erred in admitting the confessions of the prisoners in evidence; Fourth, the Court failed to charge the jury that the confessions were evidence only against the person confessing; Fifth, because of evidence, discovered since the verdict, to show that Catherine Miller, when making her confession, declared that she did not want George Smith to kill Andrew Miller and told him not to; Sixth, the verdict is against the weight of evidence. Whether a new trial will be granted remains to be seen.

ALIVE AFTER BURIAL.

A Grave Robbery That Saved a Life—The Apparition That Made a Husband Faint.

[Subject of Illustration.]

CHARLOTTE, N. C., May 10.—The following extraordinary story is published here from Franklinton, over the signature of Mr. J. W. Weaver, of that town. He says Mrs. Martha Smith, of Chatham, reports a remarkable case of suspended animation, burial and resurrection in the person of a married lady in that county, who possessed a gold watch and finger rings which she often expressed a desire to have buried with her whenever she should die. Finally she was taken ill and her life seemed to gradually ebb away until her attending physician pronounced it extinct. At her burial her previously expressed desire was complied with, and the second night after the interment a white man and a negro went to the grave and exhumed her for the purpose of obtaining the buried jewelry. As they took the lid off the coffin, and the negro began pulling off a ring from her finger, she raised up. At this both men took fright and ran away. Finally the negro went back and she asked him what he wanted. He told her he wanted her rings and the white man her watch. She requested to see the white man, whom the other soon found and brought to her. She requested him to go home with her. He did so, and when she reached the door she knocked. Her husband opened the door, but fainted when he saw her, thinking it was his dead wife's ghost. Mrs. Smith says the lady is now living and bids fair to attain a good old age, and that she visits and is visited by her frequently.

A CURIOUS POSTMASTER.

The Pangs of Jealousy Placing an Ardent Lover in Peril of the Penitentiary—He Wanted to Know Her Lover and What He Wrote.

A queer case has just terminated in the United States District Court in the city of St. Louis, Mo. A young man named Benjamin F. Allen is assistant postmaster at Victoria, a town fifty miles or thereabouts from St. Louis, and he appears from developments to be madly in love with a young lady of the place. A short time since he saw among the letters which came into his hands one addressed to the young lady in question, and he saw also that the handwriting upon the envelope was that of a rival for her favors. He was thrown into a great state of excitement, and for a time wavered between his conviction

of official duty and an insane desire to learn from the tone of his rival's communication just how far the latter had succeeded in his advances. The temptation to open the letter at last overcame all scruples, and Allen read it, sealing it up again subsequently and delivering it. His work must have been clumsily done, for it was discovered that the letter had been opened, and Allen was at once arrested for tampering with the mails. The case did not occupy much time in its trial. Allen threw himself on the mercy of the court, pleading guilty of the crime

charged, and told the judge just what his emotions had been and how he had fallen. District Judge Treat is middle-aged, drinks without water in his whisky, and has no trace of sentimentality about him; but the young man's tale of uncontrollable love interested him. He read the criminal a convoluted lecture on the indelicacy of the proceeding, and then assessed its criminality at \$50. It is one of the lightest punishments on record for the commission of such an act; but as the young man had already been punished by the loss of a woman of indefinite value, there

against them is conclusive, and the whole credit of their capture reflects the highest praise on the efficiency of Inspector Byrnes for his duties.

SIDNEY A. SHORES, who married his step-daughter, aged eleven, at Somerset, Md., has been fined \$5,000 for violating a state law forbidding such wedlock. The Rev. Zaccheus Bowen, who performed the ceremony, is very old, and, as he pleaded that he did not know the youthfulness of the girl, the public prosecutor let him go unpunished.



A RESURRECTION EFFECTED LITERALLY BY GRAVE ROBBERS—A LADY IN A TRANCE IS BURIED, AND RECOVERS HER SENSES AFTER BEING DUG UP BY TWO THIEVES WHO WERE AFTER THE JEWELRY UPON HER PERSON—SHE APPEARS AT HER HOME, AND CAUSES HER HUSBAND TO FAINT WITH ASTONISHMENT; FRANKLINTON, N. C.

are few criticisms of the sentence.

ALL FOR FIVE CENTS.

An Englishman Threatens to Shoot a Bootblack and Goes to Jail.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Tuesday morning last Charles Davis, a young Englishman, was brought before Justice Kilbreth, in the Jefferson Market Police Court, on the charge of placing a revolver against a bootblack's head, at the corner of Sixth avenue and Thirteenth street, on Sunday evening. The Englishman had engaged the boy to polish his boots, and when the job was finished gave the bootblack ten cents, which was the price of the work. The Englishman then said the price was exorbitant, and demanded that five cents be returned. The boy refused, and the Englishman, exclaiming, "You can't fool with me—I'm an English detective," drew a revolver and placed its muzzle against the boy's forehead.

Officer Sanders chanced to see this operation and arrested Davis. In the police court this gallant English detective said that his conduct was only a bit of sport, and that he would sail on the next steamer for England if the justice would only let him go. The justice being unable to view the matter in that light, held Davis in \$300 bail, and the prisoner was taken to jail.

Manhattan Bank Robbers.

[With Portraits.]

Interest in the Manhattan Bank robbery has been revived by the recent capture by Inspector Byrnes of George Tracy, alias Big Peter, and Abe Coakley in Philadelphia. Inspector Byrnes received information that these noted cracksmen were in that city, and immediately set plans on foot to capture them. He was successful, as is usual with every thing that this gallant officer undertakes. A fuller account of the manner of capture was described in last week's POLICE GAZETTE. They were brought to this city on a requisition and lodged in the Tombs, from whence they will probably take their departure for Sing Sing. The evidence



A BLARSTED BRITON TRIES A GAME OF BULLDOZING ON A BOOTBLACK BY PLACING A REVOLVER TO HIS HEAD FOR THE PURPOSE OF BEATING THE SHINER OUT OF FIVE CENTS; NEW YORK CITY.



A TONEY, BEAUTIFUL, PRETTY SWELL, THINKING HE HAS MADE A "MASH," ESCORTS A YOUNG LADY TO HER HOME, AND IS INTRODUCED BY HER PAPA TO THE TOE OF HIS BOOT; PHILADELPHIA—SEE PAGE 6.

IN THE TOILS OF A SIREN.

A Pill-Mixer Makes a Fool of Himself Over a Blonde "Camille"—Hoisting in Gin to Sooth His Lacerated Feelings.

As a rule gentlemen of the medical profession are less susceptible to the blandishments of frail femininity than other mortals. It is not unusual, however, that there are found those who, though pressed with professional engagements, find time for the breaking up of happy households, by the estrangement of wives from husbands. But these little escapades are generally looked upon as matters incident to the profession—by the professional gentlemen thus engaged. The fact is, physicians are licensed to such intimate relationship with humanity in all phases from the cradle to the grave, that they soon become surfeited with even its most attractive forms. And it is not surprising that so few of the guild are afflicted with the tender passion in its violent stages.

But it is reserved for Chicago to possess a disciple of Esculapius who is madly in love with a woman; a woman, too, who for years has been shamefully neglectful of the divine injunctions with reference to a pure and upright life. A charity, the propriety of which on this occasion may be questionable, is shown in withholding the name of the man who has thus demeaned himself, and given his friends who know of his conduct, food for gossip which will prove an irreparable injury, if not

UTTERLY RUINOUS TO HIM.

A few years ago the physician referred to began his professional life in Chicago under difficulties which are often experienced by new-fledged professional men. He was little acquainted, but his faculty for making friends and patrons, and keeping them, was such that in a few months he became possessed of a practice that many an elder physician in the city envied. It was noticed that he was fond of good living, and after his income permitted him apartments in one of Chicago's first-class hotels, his intimate friends were frequently favored with invitations to dinners, that none neglected, having once accepted. His practice the while increased among the best families of the South Side; and but for an uncontrollable passion for a frail creature in petticoats, his future success would be secured.

A few months ago, however, several of his gentleman friends learned, as many of them were likely to, that the doctor was passing much of his time that should have been devoted to his profession with a "lady boarder" in one of the tinselled dens of infamy that have recently scattered the reputable residents of Wabash avenue. As the hours of absence from his office increased, patients began to suspect that all was not right, and the tell tale swollen eyes and flushed cheeks resulting from a night's debauch, often shook their confidence and drove many from his office. Thus matters continued for several months, growing gradually worse, until the climax came. From other occupants of the "boarding house" referred to, it was learned that the blonde nymph had encouraged a suit begun by the doctor soon after their acquaintance. At first it was regarded merely as a commercial transaction, but the doctor's attentions were such that the object of his passion was given a position in the house that did away with the necessity of seeing company in the parlor. The doctor never tired of telling

HIS LOVE FOR THE BLONDE CHARMER

to her and others about the house, and at times he seemed fairly wild with the passion. He also drank almost constantly, and during the past few weeks he frequently spoke suspiciously of the woman in question, and at last such violent fits of jealousy seized him that she was frequently obliged to lock herself in her room for fear he would do her bodily harm.

On Sunday she refused to see him for fear, as she said, of bodily harm, and he threatened her life as well as his own. He had been drinking heavily, and seemed to have lost entire possession of his judgment, for on Monday night for an hour he paraded up and down the walk in front of the house where the woman lived, flourishing a revolver, and promising to bury a bullet in his brain. One of his friends succeeded in getting the revolver from him and took him to his hotel. He protested his love for the woman in the warmest terms, and declared she should love none but him on this earth. He afterward succeeded in eluding his friend, and returned to the house, but was soon secured.

The doctor's conduct has been kept very quiet, considering how public it was, but many of his friends know of it, and such secrets



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—LIZZIE HAROLD, BURLESQUE ACTRESS; COLVILLE'S COMIC OPERA TROUPE.

are not easily kept, as he will find when he regains possession of his senses, if he ever does, and he will then be more careful in the company he selects.



MRS. WRIGHT, WIFE OF CAPTAIN WRIGHT, WHO RECENTLY COMMITTED SUICIDE IN WASHINGTON.

THE WORST YET.

A Human Monster—Decoying a Little girl to His Room, and then Murdering Her to Conceal His Crime—A Terrible Baking.

PARIS, April 19.—It is not often that Paris finds a prominent sensation in one of the crimes of the day. In a vast city like this, where the most perfect of police organizations is not wholly omnipotent in keeping the seething mass of wickedness that fills the depths of its criminal courts in utter subjection, an ordinary assassination passes well nigh unnoticed. Some horrible or exceptional features must occur to render a murder prominent or interesting to the Parisian public. Witness the case of Billoir who chopped his mistress into quarters and threw the pieces into the Seine, that of Prevost who minced his victims into little bits and dropped the fragments one by one down the sewer; that of the murderer of the apothecary, Lagrange, and of his cook, etc. So a murder that took place on the Rue de Grenelle the other day has really become one of the sensations of the hour from the exceptional horror of the details.

In the house in which the crime was committed—No. 155 of the street in question—there lived on the ground floor the family of a baker named Deu, a respectable hard-working pair, with their seven children. The father is just now in a hospital under treatment for pleurisy. On Thursday last Mme. Deu went to see her husband, and on her return found that one of her younger children, a pretty little girl of four, named

LOUISE, WAS MISSING.

The little creature was a general pet among the lodgers in the house, so that her absence at first created no surprise, but as she did not return her mother went in search of her, asking at every floor if the child had been seen there, but no one knew anything about her.

On the fifth floor lived a family of the name of Menescloux, composed of a husband and wife with one son, this last a young man of twenty who had been a sailor and whose character was none of the best. When Mme. Deu came to this door to ask for her child, Louis Menescloux, the son, not only declared that she was not there, but threw the door wide open to show that the room was empty. Still the brain of the poor mother was haunted by a vague suspicion of this young man, and the next day, as the child did not return, she insisted upon searching the apartment of the Menescloux family very thoroughly. Nothing was discovered. Louis Menescloux was in bed complaining of indisposition, but he offered no opposition to the search. The following day, (Saturday), a strange and suffocating odor, as of burning flesh, filled the house, and suspicion being aroused, the police was called in, and the door of the Menescloux room was forced open. There stood the assassin in the midst of his hideous work of concealment. Shapeless fragments of human flesh strewed the floor, and other pieces were hidden under the bed. In one division of the kitchen range, a mass of the interior portions of the missing child's body

WERE SLOWLY BURNING.

The head was found in the oven, almost wholly uninjured, the oven not yet having had time to grow hot. And when the wretch was searched, the poor little creature's hands and arms—the dimpled hands and arms of the innocent baby—were found concealed in his pockets. On being taken before the magistrate he made a full confession. He had lured the little girl to his room by the offer of a bunch of flowers and had strangled her to conceal the perpetration of a worse crime, afterward concealing the little corpse between the mattresses of his bed. On that bed, therefore, he slept two nights with the lifeless form of his victim hidden in his couch, and it was there when the poor mother had first insisted on searching the room and had found him lying in bed and complaining of illness. When those facts became known throughout the quarter, an immense crowd assembled in front of

the house and the police had great difficulty in guarding the assassin from attack. He is only just twenty years of age, is of stolid and vulgar aspect, and seems more dully brutal than actively ferocious. When he was brought down stairs by the policemen, he was met face to face by the unhappy mother, who had to be held back by force from attacking him with all the energy lent to her by her maternal love and grief.

Two hundred and one suits for divorce are before the superior judicial court of Boston at its present term—141 uncontested and 60 contested.



NELLIE STOKES, SHOT BY EDWARD KENNEDY IN A FIT OF JEALOUSY, WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.



HENRY BRINKERHOFF, ALLEGED FORGER, LIBERTINE AND SEDUCER, WANTED AT DEADWOOD, D. T.

MIDNIGHT PICTURES.

A Series of Illustrated Sketches of
New York's Gas-Lit Life.

COMMITTING A BURGLARY.

Thrilling Experiences of a "Cracks-
man," as Told by Himself.

A Lunch of Cold Meats and Champagne
---Fights That are Sometimes Turned
Into Murders.

THE SOMNAMBULIST AND THE CORPSE.

BY AN OLD HOUNDER.

Don't start back in horror. Although the article I now propose to write is based on fact, I had nothing to do personally with the incidents I shall narrate. I have never yet taken to burglary as a means of livelihood, and since whatever romance there used to be about it in the days of "Flash Toby Cralkitt" has been long dissipated, I don't think I shall begin now.

I merely came to the conclusion that the story of a house robbery, as told to me by the robber, would make a good "Midnight Picture." I possess the robber, whose acquaintance I made in the "Thieves' Tavern," and one day last week, over some questionable beer in a Hester street saloon, he told me substantially what I shall now write.

There are fashions in the way of committing burglaries just as there are in bonnets. The really first class workmen, who undertake nothing but gigantic jobs, are generally English. Some men tackle nothing but banks and stores, making the opening of safes a specialty. These are "peter puffers," if they use powder. Dwelling house robbery is falling into disrepute in the big cities, but is still in vogue in the country. Many of the most useful operators do nothing but plan. When they have made the line of attack out, as they would prospect the moves in a game of chess, they pass the scheme over to the workers. Burglars' tools are always constructed of the finest materials. Some of them illustrate the application of deeper principles of natural philosophy than were ever imagined in an honest work-shop, and there are iron and steel contrivances, used in opening safes, the nature and purposes of which would utterly confound a safe manufacturer.

With these few bits of solid information we will break into our house. The hour selected is generally about 3 A. M., the chances then being in favor of the inmates having all encamped in the pleasant land of dreams. We get in in a variety of ways, it depending upon the arrangement of the house. A back shutter is pried open; a balcony is scaled and a second-story window raised; or we may go through the coal-hole in the pavement and force the door at the kitchen stairs. Sometimes the job is done alone, and then again there are several engaged, one remaining outside as a sentinel. My burglar, in alluding to the attempt to rob the tailor-store in Washington square, which resulted in the arrest of two young men who have since been sentenced to five years each in prison, said it was all the fault of the "lookout."

A "lookout" occupies a very responsible position, whether on board a ship, or connected with a burglary. Imagine the burglar in the house. He has reached the parlor floor, and she pauses to listen. The darkness, the silence must be terrible. His own breathing seems like a mighty storm of wind. Satisfied that there is no one in the immediate neighborhood he produces his lantern cautiously, and in a second, as he sweeps it about, gets the lay of the land. If he is after plate the dining-room is visited, the pantry and butler's closet forced, and the articles of silver were piled high upon the table, ready to be done up in the table-cloth, or thrust into a less suspicious bag provided for the purpose.

It is at this stage of the burglary that, in many instances, the gentlemen of the mask and "jimmy" enjoy a little lunch.

"Some of the best eating I ever had" my burglar said quietly, and with the air of a man who knew a good dish when he met one, "was at 3 o'clock in the morning in a house in Fordham. There was no one present but the three of us, and as luck would have it we found as many bottles of 'fizz.' The family asleep up-stairs consisted of an old doctor with the gout, his wife, and a nigger cook, about a hundred years of age. For a long while we were afraid to cut the wires on account of the noise made by the corks, but we finally managed. There was cold turkey, fancy pastry, and any quantity of good grub. I got three years shortly after that flyer, and when I was eating my 'skilly' up the river, I often thought of our sitting about the table, with the chandelier lit, a carousing and a toasting each other in dumb show. It's a dangerous racket, this drinking while on business. A friend of mine is now doing ten years, for trying to carry off some 'swag,' and two bottles of brandy under his vest at the same time. They found him with his plunder, sound asleep in the hall in the morning when the servants came down to get breakfast."

When the burglar has to enter a sleeping room he takes his life in his hand. He knows that the law not only authorizes but urges anyone belonging to the premises to shoot him down like a dog. An accidental noise, the capricious wakefulness of an inmate, the stumbling into a house where some one is sick, all these are probabilities which render a struggle necessary, and which so frequently turn planned robbery into unpremeditated murder.

"As to that," my burglar remarked, after the waiter had left the fresh glasses, "the case stands this way. You know you will get about fifteen years if detained by the man you are fighting with, inch by inch, out of the room to the hall, then to the stairs, or a window; and you also know that if you kill him there are just a few chances of escape from hanging. When John Dolan robbed Noe, the brush manufacturer in Greenwich street, he had no idea of committing murder. He did it through reasoning the matter while fighting the old man. Same way with the Nathan case. That 'dog' would never have been used if Mr. Nathan had not put in an appearance."

I didn't ask him if he had ever killed any one, and he didn't say he had. Not knowing him very well, I thought the question might indicate a desire to be too familiar. But I did say:

"How do women act when burglars surprise them?"

Then he told me about being one of a party that had entered a cashier's house in a watering place, a mere village, to get the keys of the bank and combination of the safe. There were some pretty cousins stopping with the banker, and they, with all the other inmates, were hunted up and brought down into one room, all *en habille*, with hastily picked up shawls and wraps, and tiny bare feet thrust into high-heeled slippers, and kept there under guard of my friend, while the robbery was executed. The cashier had to be gagged and bound, even after he had delivered the keys, but the young girls were subjected to no such indignity. They made themselves as comfortable as possible, and one or two actually seemed to enjoy the novel experience. It was the next thing to being run away with by bandits.

His most striking adventure with a beautiful young girl occurred in a house in Yorkville, which he had burglariously entered. He had just come from the parlor when he saw her descending the stairs, lamp in hand. She wore nothing but her night dress. Her hair streamed down her back. It was too late to retreat. Her lamp shone straight in his eyes as he stepped to one side, and she was gazing directly at him. But she did not start, did not tremble, did not notice him even, but opening the parlor door, entered, and closed it behind her.

Then it flashed upon him as he speedily effected his escape. She was a somnambulist.

He also told me a more grisly and horrible tale. He entered a room once where a hired nurse lay drunk by the stove, and he was just in time to smooth the pillow for a young woman who had started up with the death rattle in her throat. He caught her as she fell back, and composed her hands. He afterward ascertained that it was a case of puerperal mania, the young mother, whose illegitimate child had died, having been brought to the house he was robbing. It was the residence of a wealthy abortionist.

SEASONING.

A CLEVELAND man fell dead in church just three minutes before the deacon was to take up a collection. There are lots of ways to save money.

BEECHER, in a sermon, said: "True life is hidden behind household doors." Now, Henry, haven't you got over those notions?—Post.

A MAN may smash the stove and things,
And black a fond wife's eye;
And she may pound him with a club,
But true love cannot die.

It is said that women live on love. Small-salaried young men will be interested to learn that the love referred to is for baked beans, beef soup, onions, and new spring hats.

A MAN who committed suicide, wrote a letter to his wife: "I am going to a country where red-headed women are never seen." She was so mad she would not attend the funeral.

A GALESBURG, Ill., farmer, whose pew rent was raised to twenty-five dollars, exclaimed: "Great Caesar, here's a nice state of affairs—the gospel going up and pork coming down. What's to become of us?"

A YOUNG New Yorker was introduced to a Boston girl, and before they were acquainted thirty minutes, she got so spoooney that she called him an asterolepia, a Silurian placoid, and a cartilaginous vertebrate. He returned to New York by the midnight train.

A young lady surprised the "gentlemanly clerk" at one of our dry goods stores by offering him fifty cents in payment for a dollar purchase. "It amounts to a dollar, if you please," said the g. e. "I know it does," was the answer, "but papa is only paying fifty cents on the dollar."

It was a colored preacher who said to his flock: "We have a collection to make this morning, and for the glory of heaven, whichever of you stole Mr. Jones' turkeys don't put anything on the plate." One who was there says, "Every blessed nigger in de church came down with the rocks."

ABOUT this season the hired man sets a steel trap in a hen's nest and covers it slightly with hay, leaving an egg on it for bait, the whole being designed to catch a wensel, and the farmer's wife wants an egg in a hurry and sends her husband to get one, and he goes out and sees the above-mentioned egg and grabs it and then there's the very old boy to pay.

A YANKEE poet thus breaks forth: "Oh! the snore-the beautiful snore, filling the chamber from ceiling to floor! Over the covert, under the sheet; from her weep dimpled chin to her pretty feet! Now rising aloft like a bee in June; now sunk to the wall of a cracked bassoon! Now, flute-like, subsiding, then rising again, is the beautiful snore of Elizabeth Jane!"

A YOUNG boarding-school miss went with her mother to pass a vacation in Brittany. One day some friends presented to her another young girl wearing an immense crown as a reward of virtue. "Have you also received a crown of virtue?" the young Breton asked of the Parisienne. "Oh," said the latter somewhat superciliously, "It is not taught in our school!"

WHEN you find a sun-bonnet floating around on the surface of a pond, it is not always safe to conclude that there is a woman at the bottom of it. She may have eloped with the hired man, and thrown the bonnet in there so as to get a good start, while the neighbors are dragging the pond and the husband is trying to beat down the undertaker on the price of a rose-wood coffin.

THINGS ain't always what they seem,
Skim-milk often sells for cream;
Men, Sunday mornings, kneel in prayer,
Sunday nights get drunk and swear.
Girls who look so dreadful nice,
That we gaze upon them twice,
Are made up, from head to shins,
Of cotton, whalebones, beads and pins.

"Sir!" roared a man out in Nebraska, striding up to a neighbor, "sir, you are a liar!" "I am!" exclaimed the astonished neighbor. "How do you know I am?" "Because I know it; because I found it out." "How long have you been living here?" "Six weeks." Neighbor tranquilly nodding his head: "Oh, well, probably you do know it then. I didn't think you had been in town so long." There was no fight.

I FREQUENTLY thought, in fact, aw, had partially resolved, that I would nevah bothah myself about getting married. To a considerable extent it is a great baw to have to fasten one's self to a female cweachah verwy probably faw the remainder of one's existence. A fellow weally ought not to do it, unless he is desperately in love. But that sort of thing has almost gone out of fashion, except among the lowah classes and barbarians, or inhawbitants in wecently discovered countries.

GOSS-RYAN.

Biff, Bang. Black Eyes and Swelled
Heads, Just for Fun, You
Know.

YOU'RE MISTAKEN---ROCKS.

Otherwise the Root of all Evil is
What This Trouble is all
About.

THE MENAGERIE LET LOOSE MAY 18.

[With Portraits.]

One of the great prize ring events of 1880, which is creating great interest in the sporting world on both sides of the Atlantic, is the coming contest between Joe Goss, one of England's ex-champions, and Paddy Ryan, of Troy, N. Y. These noted pugilists are to fight at catch weights, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, for \$2,000 and the championship of America. The battle is to be fought in Canada, and Buffalo, N. Y., is to be the starting point. As both pugilists and their backers mean business the coming great battle is looked forward to with eager interest.

A PUGILISTIC MEETING

In which the championship and a large amount of money is involved always attracts considerable interest in sporting circles in spite of the many fizzes and the crooked doings of the pugilists in recent matches. The prize ring in the days of the early champions, Hyer, Sullivan, Morrissey and Heenan, was a thriving institution, but the trickery and dishonesty practiced by the pugilists in several of the great events connected with pugilism caused its decay. Therefore battles now between

FAMOUS RING MEN

are of seldom occurrence, and matches of the kind are in many instances looked upon with distrust and by the very sporting men who formerly upheld the prize ring when it was in its palmist days. The heavy weight championship of America, for which title Goss, England's ex-champion, and Ryan, the Irish-American champion, are to fight on May 18th, has quite an interesting history. Before going into the details and prospects of the coming battle and the doings of Ryan and Goss, we will give a sketch of the former great battles for the championship between the great pugilists. Hyer, Morrissey and Heenan died natural deaths, and as they were three of the greatest pugilists America ever saw, their names will live in the history of American fistiana. Coburn lies in Auburn jail and his fighting days are over.

MADE

is in Australia and made a fortune. Allen is in England living on the money he made in this country. O'Baldwin was murdered in New York and is numbered with the prize ring heroes of the past. Wormwald died in a lunatic asylum in Canada, and Elliott, Goss and Ryan are all that is left of the heavy weight pugilists to fight for the "honors" claimed to belong to the championship. Tom Hyer, an American born, was the first champion of America. He held the title against all comers. Hyer and Yankee Sullivan fought for \$10,000 and the championship at Still Pond Creek, Maryland, on June 10th, 1860. It was a hurricane fight and Hyer whipped Sullivan in 16 rounds, lasting 17 minutes 18 seconds. Hyer retired from the ring, and Yankee Sullivan succeeded him. Sullivan fought John Morrissey for \$1,000 and the title at Long Point, Canada, on October 12th, 1853.

SULLIVAN

had his opponent whipped, when a wrangle ensued and the crowd broke into the ring. Morrissey kept in his corner, and Sullivan left the ring and lost the fight. The battle lasted 53 minutes, during which 37 rounds were fought. If Sullivan had not been crowded out of the ring, and the battle finished, he would have won.

Sullivan finally went to California and was murdered in prison by the Vigilance Committee. Morrissey then held the title and no one dared meet him for a number of years. John C. Heenan then came into note in 1855, and he fought Morrissey May 20th, 1857, at Long Point, Canada, for \$2,000 and the championship. It was a desperate battle and Morrissey won in 11 rounds, lasting 21 minutes. Heenan injured his hand early in the fight against one of the stakes of the ring and had no chance to win after the accident. Morrissey defeated one of the most effective hitters ever seen in any country, when he defeated Heenan.

MORRISSEY THEN RETIRED FROM THE RING.

and refused to fight Heenan, who challenged the world, and the "def" led to the great battle between Sayers and Heenan, which was fought in England in 1860, and which Heenan won but did not receive the honors he was entitled to. Heenan fought King after his unsatisfactory fight with Tom Sayers and was again defeated. Heenan then retired from the ring, and Joe Coburn was the next champion. McCoolle and Coburn fought for the title at Charlestown, Maryland, May 15, 1863. Coburn won in 63 rounds in 1 hour and 15 minutes. Coburn was then matched to fight Jem Mace for \$5,000 and the championship. Coburn went to Ireland to meet Mace, but the fight did not take place, Mace being afraid of Coburn's regulations. Coburn then retired for the first time from the ring.

William Davis, of California, then claimed the title, also Jim Dunn, of Brooklyn, who is now one of the City Fathers of that city.

JIMMY ELLIOTT

also claimed the championship. On May 16, 1865, Davis and Dunn fought for \$2,000 and the title. The fight took place in Canada and Dunn won in 43 rounds, lasting 1 hour and 6 minutes. Dunn retired and Davis claimed to be champion, while Elliott, McCoolle and Joe looked on calmly awaiting results. McCoolle finally disputed Davis' right to the title, and made a match for \$2,000 and the championship. The fight took place at Rhoades' Point, Miss., September 19, 1866. McCoolle won in 34 rounds in 34 minutes.

Aaron Jones, of Cincinnati, who had fought Tom Sayers twice in England for the championship, and McCoolle fought for \$2,000 at Busenbark Station, Ohio. McCoolle won, knocking Jones out of time in the 30th round. The fight lasted 25 minutes.

JOE COBURN

then again entered the ring and challenged McCoolle

fight for \$5,000. On May 27, 1868, the pugilists met at Cold Spring Station, Ind. Coburn trained at Laonia Springs, Ky. McCoolle entered the ring, but Coburn was arrested and the fight was broken off. Both men were arrested and sent to jail at Lansingburg, Ind., for forty days. Heenan, disgusted with the fight, challenged McCoolle to fight for \$10,000.

Tom Allen, the English pugilist, then challenged McCoolle to fight for \$1,000. The fight took place at Foster Island, St. Louis, on August 15, 1869. Allen beat McCoolle's face to a jelly and won the fight, but McCoolle was declared the winner on an alleged foul.

Allen won several fights, beating Bill Davis and others, but Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish giant, Joe Wormbald and Jim Mace had come to America and all of them claimed to be champions.

Mace and Allen fought for the championship and \$3,000 at Kennerville, New Orleans, on May 10, 1870. Mace won in 10 rounds, 44 minutes.

The next fight for the championship was between

JIM MACE AND JOE COBURN.

These rival champions met in a ring at Port Cover, Canada, May 11, 1872. The pugilists were in the ring one hour and seventeen minutes and never struck a blow. On May 31, 1871, Mace and Coburn did fight for the championship at New Orleans. The fight lasted 3 hours and 38 minutes, 12 rounds were fought and the fight ended in a draw. Coburn then for the second time retired from the ring.

O'Baldwin and Mace were then matched for the championship. They met in a ring at Collier Station, August 15, 1872, but neither would agree to a referee. O'Baldwin retired from the ring and Tom Allen challenged Jim Mace, Coburn and McCoolle. The latter accepted and a match was arranged. The fight took place at St. Louis, and

ALLEN WON IN SEVEN ROUNDS.

lasting 20 minutes. Ben Hogan and Tom Allen then made a match for the title and met at Omaha, Neb. The fight ended in a wrangle, although Allen was winning. Jim Mace then went to England, and on his return to America brought Joe Goss with him. Goss was matched to fight Tom Allen for \$2,000 and the championship. The fight took place in Kentucky. The pugilists fought in two rings, the first being erected in Kent and the second in Boone county. Twenty-one rounds were fought in 53 minutes, and Goss was declared the winner.

Johnny Dwyer, of Brooklyn, then challenged Allen. The latter, with Goss, was under bonds for fighting in Kentucky. Allen left quietly for England, and Goss served out his time. The fight between Allen and Goss took place on Sept. 7, 1876.

ELLIOTT VS. DWYER.

Since then only one battle has been fought for the championship. It was between Jimmy Elliott, of Brooklyn, and Johnny Dwyer. It took place last spring in Canada, and Dwyer won easily. Dwyer had never fought in the ring according to the rules, nevertheless he proved that he was a great pugilist. He whipped Elliott in 12 rounds in 12 minutes.

Dwyer was then the champion, and he again challenged Goss, Ryan, Elliott and Tom Allen, but no one accepted. He was appointed Clerk in Judge Courtney's Court, Brooklyn, in January of this year, and retired from the ring, leaving Joe Goss, Jimmy Elliott and Paddy Ryan.

ALL CLAIMING THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Goss, since he fought Allen, has been living quite jolly and grown heavy in flesh. He has purchased the Atlantic Hotel at Fort Hamilton, New York, and has been training for the last four weeks under the mentorship of Jem Turner, one of the noted middle-weight pugilists. He is up at 5 o'clock every morning and training hard for the coming mill. Goss expects to enter the ring weighing 175 pounds. He will be seconded in the coming fight by Barney Aaron and Dooney Harris.

RYAN

stands 6 feet 1 inch in height, and will weigh 186 pounds in condition. He is in every sense of the word a giant and is possessed of great strength, and a scientific boxer. Judging from his height and weight and great muscular development, he should be able to whip any man in the world. He has never fought in the ring, but he has displayed great pugilistic ability in numerous rough-and-tumble fights. He has plenty of backers and the Hibernian element look upon him as their champion, and many appear to think he will whip Goss easily.

About a year ago Ryan was matched to fight Johnny Doyle, of Brooklyn, for \$2,000 and the championship. All the stakes were posted, but in the interim Ryan got into

A STREET FIGHT IN BROOKLYN.

and was stabbed and had his teeth knocked out.

His backer, Judge Griffith, of Troy, N. Y., was afraid that Ryan's injuries would interfere with him, refused to go on with the match, and it was broken off by Ryan's backers refusing to select a stakeholder. Ryan belongs to the American Order of Hibernians and it is understood a select picked body of this organization will accompany him from Buffalo to Canada on May 17 to see that he has fair play. One thing is against Ryan in the ensuing battle. He is badly injured and is obliged to wear a truss. Ryan has not yet commenced to train. He has leased a bar-room on Chatham square, New York, and the place is filled nightly with sporting men. Ryan says he can not only whip Goss, but any man in the world. Ryan strikes a powerful blow and offers to bet that he will

CAN FELL A BULLOCK WITH ONE HAND.

He said to a friend recently that he would knock Goss out of time inside of twenty minutes if the latter will only stand up and fight him. The pugilists and their backers are eager to bring the fight off satisfactorily, and without the authorities at Buffalo to interfere, there will be no stumbling block placed in the way of the proposed fight. All the principal ring-goers, and what is known as the gang, are with Goss, the same parties who won the fight for him at Kentucky when he fought Allen. Many of them have, like the writer, witnessed all the mills for the past eighteen years. The same sporting men were behind Mace when he fought Allen and was to fight O'Baldwin. Several of them intimate that Goss will blind the Irish infant, as they style Ryan, in half an hour.

At the time Ryan was matched to fight Dwyer, Goss was Ryan's trainer, and Goss claims he taught him a few tricks, but states that he could never teach Ryan to be clever, because he is only

A SCHOOL BOY AT THE FIGHTING BUSINESS.

Goss has won and lost numerous battles in the ring, and he has proved himself to be a first-class pugilist. The fight will no doubt take place, and will prove a stubborn and desperate battle. If Ryan does not whip Goss quickly, Goss will him. Ryan's only chance of whipping the veteran is by a chance blow. Goss has fought several hard battles, as will be seen by the following record:

JOE GOSS.

This pugilist is forty-two years of age. He was born in Northampton in 1833. His is 5 feet 10 inches high, and weighs 169 pounds. He has fought fourteen battles and only been defeated twice. Then he had to lower his colors to Jem Mace. His first battle was with George Hare for \$5, whom he defeated in twenty minutes. He then fought three hours with Jack Richardson, when police broke up the fight. In 1859 he defeated Jack Rooke in 64 rounds.

hour 40 minutes. On September 10, 1859, he defeated Josh Price in 15 rounds in 25 minutes. In November, 1859, he defeated Tom Paget in 17 rounds in 1 hour 10 minutes. In July, 1860, he defeated Dan Crutchley in 120 rounds in 3 hours 29 minutes; stakes £200. In September, 1861, he defeated the giant, Bill Ryall, for £200, in 37 rounds in 2 hours 30 minutes. On February 11, 1862, he fought a draw with Bill Ryall. The fight lasted 3 hours 18 minutes. On November 16, 1863, he defeated Price in 68 rounds in 1 hour and 48 minutes. Goss was then challenged by Mace, who offered to stake £600 to £400 if Goss would fight at 150 pounds, which offer was accepted. They fought at a well-known spot "down the Thames," September 1, 1863, Jim winning in 19 rounds in 1 hour 55 minutes and 30 seconds. Though the battle lasted so long really few blows were exchanged, Goss acting on the defensive and compelling Mace to run all over the ring after him, in hopes of tiring out the champion, in which, however, his calculations were upset. Goss was badly punished. On December 16, 1864, Goss defeated The Baker for £200 in 27 rounds in 1 hour 20 minutes. Another match was then made between

GOSS AND MACE

for £200 and the champion belt, near Meopham, May 24, 1868, when, after they had sparred together for over an hour, scarcely a blow being struck, they, at the suggestion of their seconds and to the extreme disgust of everybody at the ring-side, shook hands, and the referee decided it a draw. Upon inquiry, Mace stated that the reason for his timidity and strange tactics was that some three weeks previously he had sprained his foot badly, and injured it again early in the fight, and was, therefore, justified in saving his backer's money. Goss said he would not endanger his chances by leading off, but would have met Mace every time had the latter forced the fighting. He had had sufficient experience in their first battle as to Jim's abilities with any one leading on, and did not choose to try it again. They both received a severe jacketing from all quarters for this miserable subterfuge for a fight, and this had the effect of making them heartily ashamed of themselves, and gave rise to a desire to wipe out the stains thus cast upon their reputations. *Bell's Life* shortly afterward published a challenge from Goss to fight any man for from £100 to £500 a side, from 154 to 164 pounds, and the same week an acceptance appeared from Mace, who, in order to prevent any pedestrian display, offered to fight in a smaller ring. A deposit left by Jim was covered promptly, and they agreed to fight in a 16-foot ring, for £200 a side. The "meet" took place in the London district, August 6, 1867.

MACE WINNING A SIGNAL VICTORY.

after a rattling fight, lasting through 21 rounds and consuming 31 minutes. On March 5, 1868, Allen and Goss fought for £200 a side. The police interfered. The fight ended in a draw after 34 rounds, occupying 1 hour 50 minutes.

Goss' last match was with Harry Allen (brother of Tom Allen): they were to fight for £400 and the title, on September 7, 1878. The fight did not come off, however. It seems that several high personages and the Prince of Wales had made arrangements to witness the contest. All remonstrances and requests having been unavailing, the Government decided to do all in its power to stop the fight rather than to allow the Prince of Wales and his followers to be present and compromise themselves beyond remedy. Strenuous efforts were made and on the 2d of September, a few days before the day named for the contest, Allen was arrested. He was put under bonds of £500 not to fight in Great Britain, and the fight was broken off. This was the last match made for the championship of England, the pugilist knowing that the authorities would not let a prominent fight take place in that country.

A few years later Harry Allen died, and Jim Mace came to this country. Joe Goss was then allowed to hold the title of champion, without any one disputing his right to the same.

On September 7th he fought Tom Allen in Kentucky and won. Goss' fight with Tom Allen for \$2,000 and the championship. It took place in Kentucky, September 7, 1876, and Goss won in 52 minutes.

Various opinions are expressed as to the result of this match. The superior tactics of Goss will, no doubt, stand him in good stead. Ryan is very impulsive, and if he loses his temper will be very apt to be outgeneraled. Goss is now at his hotel at Fort Hamilton, and will not leave until some time next week. Those who are desirous of seeing the famous pugilist will find him there tomorrow, ready and glad to see his friends.

SPORTING AND DRAMATIC.

WILLIAM ELKS, of Plattsburg, N. Y., is matched for \$50 against "Dennis Murphy," of Burlington, Vt., for a 50-mile go-as-you-please race, to come off at Plattsburg, May 18. "Murphy" is the Canadian runner George Irvine of Ottawa.

JAMES QUIRK, of Brantford, and C. S. Tiedale, of Simcoe, Canada, on April 27 ran 100yds., for \$500 a side, at the former place. Quirk had the better of the start (a flying one), led by three feet at forty yards, and won by eight inches. The official time was inside of 10 sec.

The Irish Athletic Club of Boston, Mass., will hold their national games and pastimes at Centennial Grove, Essex, June 17. About \$700 in prizes will be given. At a recent meeting the judges were elected—one chief judge, representing Tara, and four provincial judges—as follows: John Boyle O'Reilly, chief judge; Maj. L. J. Logan, representing Connought; John H. Walsh, representing Munster; Thomas Dixon, Leinster; and Hugh H. Campbell, Ulster.

A COCKING main between Washington and Baltimore birds was fought at a well-known sporting tavern, about four miles south of the latter city, May 4, which Washington won by a score of seven to four fights. About \$1,000 changed hands during the day, and at the end of the sport twelve cocks lay dead, having been killed outright in the fight or so badly maimed as to necessitate their slaughter. The Washington fowls were of superior weight and frame to the Baltimore, and thus had the advantage from the start.

EDWIN BIBBY made very short work of the "mysterious Frenchman," Maximilian Mamon, in a Greco-Roman wrestling match at Irving Hall, this city, May 6. The conditions were to wrestle the best two in three falls, but the newcomer had little opportunity to show what he knew, if anything, about wrestling, as the little Englishman went at him like a bulldog, gained the first fall in 2m. 20s., and the second in just forty seconds. Harry Hill was referee, Barney Aaron umpire for Bibby and Leandro Gounares for Mamon.

HANLAN's friends at Toronto, except Ward, his trainer, ridicule the report that Courtney has invented a device that will enable him to beat the Canadian champion and some of them think that Courtney has started the report so that he can refuse to row at the last moment on the plea that the "rie" is out of order. Ward, however, fears that the story has something in it, as he has some plans of his own by which he thinks that the speed of the racing shells can be increased, and is apprehensive that Courtney has found one of them out.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

AMONG the passengers who boarded the east-bound train at Holly, the other day, were a bride and groom of the regular holly-hock order. Although the car was full of passengers the pair began to squeeze hands and hug as soon as they were seated. This, of course, attracted attention, and pretty soon everybody was nodding and winking, and several persons so far forgot themselves as to laugh outright. By and by the broad-shouldered, red-handed groom became aware of the fact that he was being ridiculed, and he unlinked himself to the height of six feet, looked up and down the aisle, and said:

"There seems to be considerable nodding and winking around here because I'm hugging the girl who was married to me at 7 o'clock this morning. If the rules of this railroad forbid a man from hugging his wife after he's paid full fare, then I'm going to quit, but if the rules don't and this winking and blinking isn't bitten short off when we pass the next mile-post, I'm going to begin on the front seats and create a rising market for false teeth and crutches!"

If there were any more winks and blinks in that car the groom didn't catch 'em at it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SPRING STYLES IN PADS.—Pads are worn rather longer this spring than last. This is necessary in order to have them do any good. A liver pad, to be fashionable, must match your liver, as to color. And it must be cut high in the back if you are a high liver. Low neck pads are only worn on full dress occasions. We were shown a very handsome liver pad the other day at one of the fashionable drug stores. It was of French bunting, with a crape finish, cut decollete, and trimmed with new Smyrna lace. Bugle trimmings ran around the edges and chenille tassels were held in place by passementerie buttons. Nothing but a generous liver could afford this. Kidney pads this season are made to be worn under a light spring overcoat. They button up with three buttons in front, and have either a standing or rolling collar. The lung pad is very plain this spring, and only ornamented with cough drops. It is out single breasted where one lung is gone. The price depends altogether on how much the patient can raise. Toothache pads, recently introduced, are very becoming to thin people, giving them an appearance of plumpness they could not otherwise attain. They are made with high heels and box toes. Manufacturers are put to their stumps, we understand, to supply the demand for toothache pads.

THEY were sitting in the back room of —'s saloon, yesterday, smoking and swapping lies, when the conversation turned on shaking dice. One peaked-faced old sport, with a nasal voice, gave his experience: "When I used to keep a road house," said he, "I used to have to shake the dice a good deal, and to avoid mistakes and rectify the errors of fortune, I had three dice, trained to come up sixes every time. We used to shake rattles then with three dice, a custom which seems to have gone out of fashion now. Well, one day there came a fellow to my place who was much luckier than he ought to be, and I was compelled, in self defense, to ring in my private set on him. Well, after piling up a considerable number of drinks, we began to shake for a dollar a pop additional. Of course I won, and as he became drunker and poorer, he began to curse those eternal sixes. At last he said: 'I swear if they come up sixes again, I'll eat them.' 'Young man, I thought, if you don't perjure yourself you're sure of something to eat. Well, up they came again, and I'll be hanged if he didn't grab them and swallow them. I was mighty sorry to lose those dice, I can tell you, but I didn't dare say anything. Well, the fellow sat down, looking very sulky; presently he began to grow uneasy, and turned pale around the gills. After a few minutes he went into the yard, and I went into the kitchen and watched him through the blinds. He was leaning up against the corner and retching violently. Presently his stomach was relieved of its load and I heard him say with a most comical tone of drunken surprise and indignation:

"By G—, if there ain't them three sixes up again!"—*Providence Sunday Dispatch.*

RULES FOR VISITING A SICK PERSON.—1. Whenever you go to see a sick person, never take a brass band; brass bands are more or less expensive. If, however, you take a brass band with you, let each man play a different air, finishing up with "Tam O'Shanter" on the base drum. It is best to have this executed in the room directly underneath the sick chamber.

2. Always ring the bell as though you were trying to pull the back yard out by the roots. Continue this until you get seven or eight engines playing on the house.

3. If you can't get up by the front way, either knock out a window, or go up on the roof by the lightning rod. The latter plan will enable you, if the house is a frame one, to kick all the boards loose and provide a matinee for those in the house. After you have reached the roof, if you haven't strangled yourself with profanity, cough up your false teeth and yell down the scuttle for a step-ladder.

4. Always bear a cheerful countenance. If you go into a sick room looking like a thirty-five-cent chromo of a Shawnee cemetery, it will be apt to throw a damper on the festivities.

5. Talk cheerfully. Commence by saying that the Asiatic cholera has started on a pleasure trip at reduced rates and that the hoop business is quite brisk; or say that seventy-five tons of nitro-glycerine began a business engagement near a circus in some place in New York, and that the authorities in the principal cities of the country have been telegraphed to wait on the remains as they arrive.

Talk as loud as you can, so that people in the next township will think a theological student, home on a vacation, is keeping his lungs in training.

A few such rules as these kept in mind during a visit to a sick friend will be apt to prove beneficial, as it will inspire the patient with more will and a stronger determination to live and create a sort of vacuum in your family.

A CONSOLIDATION.—A man who had his coat on his arm and his hat in his hand entered a butcher's shop on Woodward avenue and began: "Say, sir, one of your carts knocked me down on Park street half an hour ago and I'm going to have satisfaction!" "One of my carts? I guess not. William! William!" William made his appearance from the back room, and the butcher said: "William, this man accuses you of running him down with the cart this morning on Park street." "I don't think it," was the reply. "Well I know it!" shouted the man as he threw down his hat. "Whereabouts on Park?" "At the corner of Hick." "Ah, then it couldn't have been," said the driver. "Here is the route I took. I first went up Woodward avenue and run over a boy at the corner of Alfred street. Then I went down Charlotte

and took a wheel off a carriage. Down at the corner of Cass I run down a boy and a velocipede. I came down Cass to Sproat and out again to Woodward, where I expect I ran over two women and a horse, and then came directly here. It couldn't have been me, sir." "Then who was it?" "Indeed, I couldn't say, sir, but a few doors above this is a butcher who has three carts. If it was him he will own right up and be glad to see you, for he's keeping a record of the killed and wounded to show off over the rest of us. You'd better try him, sir!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

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in the city of Louisville, Ky.
MONDAY, MAY 21st, 1890.

These drawings, authorized by act of the Legislature of 1890, and sustained by all the courts of Kentucky, occur regularly on the last day of every month (Sundays and Fridays excepted), and are supervised by prominent citizens of the State.

Only a short time left in which to purchase tickets. Buy at once or you will be too late. 1,999 prizes: \$112,493 distributed. Capitals \$80,000, \$10,000, \$5,000, 10 of \$1,000 each; 1,947 others from \$500 down to \$10.

TICKETS, \$2. HALVES, \$1.
For full information address or apply to
R. M. BOARDMAN,
Courier Journal Building, Louisville, Ky., or same person at 309 Broadway, N. Y., (late of 163 Broadway).

This is the only Lottery of any State ever voted on and endorsed by its people.

BY AUTHORITY OF THE STATE.

GEN. G. T. BEAUREGARD, OF LOUISIANA.

GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY, OF VIRGINIA.

Will personally arrange all details and supervise the extraordinary Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, at New Orleans, Tuesday, June 15th.

11,278 prizes, amounting to \$522,500, including one Capital Prize of \$100,000; one Grand Prize of \$50,000; one Grand Prize of \$20,000; etc. Tickets, ten dollars (\$10); Halves, five dollars (\$5); Fifths, two dollars (\$2); Tenth, one dollar (\$1).

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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches and every blemish on beauty. It has stood the test of 30 years, and is so harmless we taste it, to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the Académie (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." Also, Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

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RECOMMENDED BY THE FACULTY.

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